

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XX. }

No. 1746. — December 1, 1877.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXXXV. }

CONTENTS.

I. SIR JOHN BOWRING,	<i>Westminster Review</i> ,	515
II. DORIS BARUGH. A Yorkshire Story. By the author of "Patty." Part VII.,	<i>Good Words</i> ,	536
III. THE STORY OF AN INDIAN LIFE,	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> ,	551
IV. ERICA. Part II. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of	<i>Frau von Ingersleben</i> ,	569
V. A GLIMPSE OF ADRIANOPLE,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> ,	575
VI. ON THE COMING WINTER,	<i>Nature</i> ,	576

POETRY.

BETWEEN THE LINES,	514
THE FALL OF THE YEAR,	514

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

SING the song of the singer, merrily ring the rhymes,
 Light is the lay they tell us, light as its echoed chimes;
 Sing the song of the singer, mocking at doubt and fear,
 Catch the joy of its melody, let its daring beauty cheer;
 Well that the mellow music may bear no hidden signs
 Of the broken heart of the poet, written between the lines.

Watch the part of the player, bravely and deftly done,
 See the difficult height attained, the loud applause won;
 Weep with his passionate sorrow, thrill to his passionate bliss,
 Blending your joyous laughter with that happy laugh of his;
 Well that his marvellous acting dazzles, wins, refines,
 Who thinks of the desperate effort, written between the lines?

See the work of the painter, in coloring rare and rich,
 Give it its well-won homage, choose it the choicest niche;
 Hang it where it may render, as an artist's best can do,
 Companionship in its beauty, delicate, pure, and true!
 Well that its silent loveliness softness and thought combines;
 None read the bitter baffling strife, written between the lines.

Watch the path of the prosperous, sunny, and smooth, and bright,
 Health and wealth to give it its full of sweetness and of light;
 See how the easy future is planned for the careless feet,
 Given each slight desire, flattered each vague conceit.
 Well that the outward surface gladness and peace enshrines;
 Who knows the tale of the skeleton, written between the lines?

If the singer dies in solitude, his songs sigh on as sweetly;
 If the statesman has a hearth disgraced, does he face the world less metely?
 So the artist's touch is fine and sure, who heeds the hand that guides it?
 Does the player feel a fading life? his miming, masking, hide it.
 Cypress, and rose, and laurel, Fate's reckless hand entwines;
 Life reads the printed story—Death writes between the lines.

All The Year Round.

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

COLDLY and bright draws in the day;
 Gloomy and drear it steals away;
 For slowly now comes up the sun,
 His summer's ardent labors done;
 And low his golden wheel declines
 Where winter shews his starry signs.

No more to earth the fervid beams
 Give beauty such as poet dreams;
 No more descends the glorious ray,
 The rapture of the summer day.
 The sky's deep blue is waxing pale,
 The sun's inspiring fervors fail;
 The slanting beam he gives is chill
 Within the vale and on the hill;
 And now, with many a jealous fold,
 The clouds would all his cheer withhold,
 Nor would on plain or height bestow
 The soothing of his waning glow.

The flowers are gone, save those that still,
 Like friends who cleave to us through ill,
 Outbrave the bitter wind that blows,
 And deck their season to its close.
 The leaves that late were only stirred
 By gentlest breath, that only heard
 The song-bird's note, round these the blast
 Blows keen and fierce, and rude and fast
 The rising gale flings far and wide
 Their withered bloom and idle pride.
 The birds have fled; the wind alone
 Makes song in many a sullen tone.

But sudden through the bursting sky
 The sun again comes out on high;
 The clouds fall back to yield him way,
 And fly before his eager ray;
 And gladness fills the breast again—
 The glimpse of summer come again!
 Ah! sweet the beam, but like the smile
 With which the dying would beguile
 The mourning heart—the last sad ray
 Love gives to cheer our tears away.
 The light is gone, the moment's bloom
 Is sunk again in cold and gloom.
 So pass away all things of earth,
 Whate'er we prize of love and worth—
 The form once dear; the voice that cheered;
 The friends by many a tie endeared;
 The dreams the aching heart forgets;
 The hopes that fade to cold regrets.

Sweet scenes, dear haunts, that once I knew,
 My heart yet fondly turns to you.
 Let seasons change, and be ye bright
 With all the summer-tide's delight,
 Or let the winter's gloom be yours,
 Your beauty still for me endures;
 For memory keeps unfaded yet
 What love would have me not forget.

Chambers' Journal.

D. F.

From The Westminster Review.
SIR JOHN BOWRING.*

IT would be a slight to the memory of a distinguished man—even if he had not been connected with the *Westminster Review*—if we were to allow this book to pass unnoticed; but as Sir John Bowring stood to us in the relation of one of our first editors, and was long one of our contributors, it would be ungrateful and unjust not to avail ourselves of the opportunity offered by the publication of this volume to pay a tribute to the memory and the services of our lost friend and fellow-laborer.

Were Paris on earth again, and compelled to decide, not the conflicting claims of rival beauties, but whether this memoir or that of Lord Abinger, reviewed in our last number, is the worst executed, he would be as much puzzled as on the memorable occasion on which he was before called on to exercise the functions of the judicial office.

Mr. Scarlett candidly pleaded ignorance as the cause of his inability to write a proper memoir of his father as an advocate and a judge; Mr. Bowring has even worse disqualifications for the work of a biographer, for, with candor equal to that of Mr. Scarlett, he avows that he has no sympathy with many of his father's religious and political opinions.

Now as Sir John Bowring was nothing if not a politician, and his firm adherence to the last to the small and despised church to which he belonged from his youth was one of his leading characteristics, a biographer out of sympathy with both his political and religious faith cannot fail to produce an unsatisfactory biography. This book is composed on the same plan as Mr. Scarlett's memoir of his father. There is first a skeleton memoir of Sir John Bowring, from which the reader learns little or nothing, followed by a series of autobiographical recollections of his early and of his later life, written by Sir John at sundry times and in divers manners, and notes of travel, and sketches or anecdotes of public men. These papers

are throughout superficial, and in many places redundant. In some cases the dates given in the "Recollections" cannot be reconciled with those given for the same events in the memoir. Their extreme desultoriness shows they never had the benefit of their author's revision, nor were they arranged by him for publication—*e.g.*, in the sketches of various celebrities, under the head "Lamartine," we find the history of the negotiations for a treaty of commerce with France of 1830–31, which had been told before,* and some statistics as to the wine trade. While Lamartine is dismissed in something less than a page, the testimony borne to his merits is, however, remarkably strong. "Examples," writes Bowring, "are not rare in France where men of letters are leading actors in the field of political strife; among the most illustrious will Lamartine be ranked" (pp. 374, 375).

By clothing Mr. Bowring's skeleton memoir with integuments taken from his father's "Recollections," we will endeavor to give a connected though brief sketch of Sir John Bowring's busy and useful life.

John Bowring, the descendant of a Devonshire yeoman's family, was born on the 17th October 1792, at Exeter, which is well called the "Mecca of Unitarianism." The family might have taken for their motto Burke's well-known description of the New Englanders: "The dissidence of Dissent and the protestantism of the Protestant religion;" for in the reign of James I. the then Bishop of Exeter denounced to the Archbishop of Canterbury a "turbulent and unmanageable Nonconformist," named John Bowring, from whom Sir John was directly descended. Bishop Philpotts, who presided over the diocese of Exeter for the greater part of Sir John Bowring's public life, would have described the descendant in the terms applied to the forefather by the bishop's predecessor.

Again, Sir John treasured amongst his family records a license granted in the reign of William and Mary to another John Bowring, also one of his forefathers, authorizing him to use his house at Chulm-

* *Autobiographical Recollections of Sir John Bowring, with a Brief Memoir.* By LEWIS B. BOWRING. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1877.

* *Comp. Recollections*, 371–374, with p. 26a.

leigh for the purpose of religious worship. From 1670 to the time of Sir John's father, the successive generations of the family of Bowring were engaged in the staple woollen trade of Exeter; but Sir John notes the fact: "The coal mines and the steam machinery of central and northern England have crushed the ancient industry of the west" (p. 37). Like most of the principal merchants and manufacturers of Exeter, and many of the nobility and gentry of the west, the Bowrings were of Puritan descent, and had remained members of the English Presbyterian Church — a wholly distinct body from the Presbyterian kirk established on the northern side of the Tweed, and from the branches of it afterwards extended to the southern shore of the boundary river. This body was distinguished from the Baptists and Independents by the practice of free and open communion. The trust-deeds of their places of worship, moreover, rarely specified the doctrines to be taught in them, and were usually conceived in such terms as left room for a progressive modification of opinion.* The congregations worshipping in these chapels, therefore, mostly went through the stage of Arianism on to the humanitarianism of Belsham and Priestley. George's Meeting-house, in which the Bowring family had been for generations worshippers, was one of these foundations. In this chapel, James Pierce, its minister, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, publicly attacked the doctrine of the Trinity, and began what is known in Nonconformist annals as the Exeter controversy — *Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnon*. It may be gratifying to the vicar of Owston Ferry and his diocesan to read that the vicar of St. Leonard's, Exeter, denied Pierce, who was a parishioner, "a just memorial on his tomb," and he lies buried in the churchyard of St. Leonard's beneath a massive stone monument bearing the words "Mr. James Pierce's Tomb." A tablet in the old meeting-house commemorates the labors of its former pastor and the jealous bigotry of the minister of the Establishment.

* *Vide* J. J. Taylor's *Retrospect of the Religious Life of England*, p. 171, Edinb. 1876, notes.

In Sir John Bowring's youth the ministry serving George's Meeting still showed signs of the progressive modification of the opinions of the church.

There were no less than three ministers who served the congregation — Mr. James Maning, an Arian (a forefather we believe of Cardinal Manning!), who was the most popular with the poor, whom he often visited, and always addressed in sweet words and gentle manner.

There was Mr. Timothy Kenrick, a courageous Unitarian, who was the chosen one of the more intellectual and inquiring; and there was Mr. Joseph Butland, from whom I do not remember ever to have heard a doctrinal sermon; [an amiable and excellent man, whose simple mode of life Sir John illustrates by describing his supper,] which consisted of a farthing's worth of periwinkles (wrinkles is the Devonshire name), on which he fed himself with a pin. [Somewhat of the stiffness and narrowness of Puritanism remained in this good man.] The latter end of his life, [writes Sir John, was] disturbed by the introduction of an organ into the meeting-house. It led to a rupture with the congregation, and, even as a hearer, I believe he never attended when the pipes were brought into play. I have seen him glide in to unite with the rest in partaking of the Lord's Supper, and I think when it was known he was to attend the pealing organ was locked into silence (pp. 39, 40).

Mr. Kenrick was the father of the eminent Nonconformist scholar and divine, the Rev. John Kenrick, of Manchester New College, who lately died full of years and honors, and of whose career one of his most distinguished pupils relates a noteworthy incident. When the rapid growth of Matthiæ's "Greek Grammar," in successive German editions, rendered it necessary to reconstruct Valentine Blomfield's English translation of it on a larger scale, the Bishop of London (Blomfield), who had not leisure for the task, had recourse to Mr. Kenrick as best qualified to undertake it. A new edition accordingly, in which the new matter was incorporated, came out under Mr. Kenrick's editorial care. "The printer had set up the editor's name as 'The Rev. John Kenrick, M.A.," and sent the proof in that form both to Fulham and York. From the former it was returned with the *Rev.* erased, and from the *Right Reverend* a letter was ad-

dressed to the editor explaining the impossibility of conceding the sacred prefix to a person not in holy orders. Dr. Blomfield, the Grecian, could look up to the scholar; but Dr. Blomfield, the bishop, must look down on the Nonconformist.*

On the death of Mr. Kenrick, he was succeeded in the co-pastorate of George's Meeting by Dr. Lant Carpenter, himself a distinguished minister among the Unitarians, and the father of another, the Rev. Russell Lant Carpenter, and of the excellent woman who has been lately removed from amongst us, Mary Carpenter. For many a year Sir J. Bowring deemed Dr. Carpenter "the wisest and greatest of men, as he assuredly was one of the best." Mrs. Barbauld used to say, that in opulent families the carriages of the third generation always carried their possessors away to the Established Church; and Sir John Bowring records that when he was young the principal merchants and manufacturers of the staple woollen trade at Exeter were members of George's Meeting; but after his return from China and his final settlement at Exeter he says:—

At the moment when I write (1861), not one of their descendants, myself excepted, occupies a place in that once distinguished seat and school of heterodox Christianity. [The cause of this falling away Sir John finds in] an indifference to religious questions in general, a yielding to the tide of tendency, and a wish to maintain a social status in a country where a certain amount of opprobrium and degradation has been generally associated with dissent; these are among the causes and apologies for much real dishonesty (p. 388).

A judgment in which we thoroughly concur. In addition to the early and permanent influence of George's Meeting on young Bowring, the home influences by which he was surrounded were of kindred spirit. His grandfather was a man of strong political feeling, being deemed by the Exeter politicians of the day a Jacobin, and by Churchmen a heretic. The influence of his Puritan descent showed itself in the fine print of Oliver Cromwell which hung in his parlor, and still more in his warm sympathy with the descend-

ants of the Pilgrim Fathers in their war of independence. During that war many prisoners from America were confined at Exeter, and old Mr. Bowring did not fail to do all in his power to alleviate their sufferings. Party spirit has always run high in the "Ever Faithful City," and the sympathizer with America was hustled in the streets by Exeter Tories; and at the time of the Birmingham riots, when Dr. Priestley was compelled to flee his native land, the Exeter church and King Mob showed how they would have liked to have treated his brother Unitarian at Exeter by burning his effigy in the cathedral yard. From earliest childhood, kneeling at the feet of this stout old Nonconformist, the young John Bowring daily said his morning prayers, and afterwards breakfasted, "sitting on a trivet (tripod) kept in a state of beautiful brightness, with a gamecock in the centre, a great object of childish admiration" (p. 32). During these visits, "many a sweet and kind counsel fell" from the old man's lips; and, "well do I remember," continues Sir John Bowring, "the emphasis with which he repeated to me hymns and passages of poetry which left an indelible impression upon a somewhat susceptible mind."

Of his father, our reminiscence tells us, that of all the men he ever knew he "possessed the sweetest temper, and only on two occasions have I ever seen it ruffled. My father, though a sound and thoughtful Liberal, took little share in party politics, and when the Municipal Reform Bill passed, refused an offer of the citizens of Exeter to be the first Liberal mayor" (pp. 34, 35). Sir John's mother, how we believe was Cornish by birth if not by race, was a daughter of the Rev. Thomas Lane, vicar of St. Ives, Cornwall. She was, with many brothers and sisters, left an orphan, her father and mother having been carried off by a pestilential disease which attacked that ancient and pilchard-producing borough, which, as his first constituency, sent to Parliament Francis Horner, and later on the brilliant writer who, after many changes of name, will be known to future generations as the first Lord Lytton. Of his mother her son writes in terms of grateful and affectionate remembrance.

* Dr. Martineau in the *Theological Review*, No. LVII., July 1877, Art. "In Memoriam, John Kenrick," p. 306.

My mother was one of the most excellent of women. . . . Education and affection made her devout, and the Bible was a source of habitual enjoyment to her; but her religion was unostentatious and silent, though on all becoming occasions lessons of virtue and wisdom were conveyed to her children. She used no other discipline than that of kind reproof, and in her presence I knew not the emotion of fear or awe. All her influences were gentle and patient (pp. 34, 35).

An acquaintance which, though of the slightest, extended over the long period of thirty-two years, enables us to bear our testimony that in Sir John Bowring's disposition and manner were shown the same sweetness of temper which he attributes to both his parents, and the effect of the gentle and patient influences under which he was brought up. He, in fact, furnished a good example of Mr. Cobden's theory, so well verified in his own person, "that political economists are amongst the most amiable of men."* If these same influences of home were not brought to bear on young Bowring's school-life, the Nonconformist influence still predominated there. The only school which he ever attended was a small one at Moreton-Hampstead, in the Dartmoor district, the master of which was also the minister of the ancient Presbyterian meeting-house of the place. It is a common saying in Devon that Moreton-Hampstead was made out of the rubbish that was left when the rest of the world was created. The roads were in Bowring's school-days in much the same condition as Lord Macaulay describes them to have been in the seventeenth century.† "They were not passable by wheel-carriages of any sort, and everything was conveyed by horses to and from Exeter on crooks, bent branches of trees fastened to pack-saddles." On one of these young Bowring left home for school. Moreton-Hampstead was not a place of high education. The master, the son of an instrument-maker at Ipswich, had been educated in an academy of divinity at Exeter; while the scholarship of the master therefore was defective, his moral qualifications for his office were no greater. His pupil describes him as "not a very wise nor a very honest man, but he had in him some dry humor, some knowledge of old books, some amusing stories, and of what was called an affectionate nature" (pp. 44,

45). With this person, who ended by committing forgery and dying in obscurity, was associated a drunken tyrant, whose sole merit was in adorning the pages of the boys' copy-books with those swans' and eagles' and angels' heads and wings with which we of the older generations were familiar. It was not to Moreton-Hampstead that Bowring owed the education which fitted him for his long career of usefulness. Like his friend and fellow-laborer, Richard Cobden, the training for the public life which they both afterwards entered was in the case of each of these eminent men given by himself after he had begun mercantile life. It was not to the minister of Moreton-Hampstead, but, next to himself, to the refugee priest and the French prisoners at Exeter from whom young Bowring learned French, the itinerant vendors of barometers and mathematical instruments from whom he learned Italian, and the mercantile friends by whose aid he acquired Spanish and Portuguese, that he was most indebted for his education. The Nonconformist influences by which he was surrounded produced their natural effect on young Bowring's mind. Although the English Presbyterians or Unitarians did not separate themselves from "the world," its pleasures, and the duties of citizenship, as, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, was the case with the Methodists and most of the other Evangelical Nonconformists, yet there prevailed amongst the heterodox Dissenters a tone of "seriousness," a vestige of their Puritan descent. This affected young Bowring's views of life.

In his earlier letters [writes his son] written when he was twelve or thirteen years old, there prevails a strong religious feeling, tinged with a somewhat didactic and moralizing tone, which seems strangely at variance with the buoyancy of youth. Reflections on death, and juvenile verses on the shortness of life and its sorrows, are interspersed freely in these productions, while even in his latter years such thoughts constantly sprang up and acted as a counterpoise to his zest for new impressions.*

Sir John Bowring himself says:—

It was a longing desire of my boyhood to be trained to what is called the ministry, but I never gave open expression to my wish, and never even hinted it to my father or to any of my friends. It seemed too lofty an ambition, and I felt as if it would be impertinent and presumptuous to indulge in such aspirations. . . . I had hardly perhaps defined to myself

* Speech at Sunderland, 1844, referring to the late General T. Perronet Thompson.

† Comp. Recollections, p. 44, with Macaulay's History, c. iii., or Trevelyan's Selections from Macaulay, p. 377.

* Memoir, p. 3.

what a Dissenting minister was or ought to be, but in the circle in which I moved he was an object of boundless reverence, his visits were anticipated with awe, and sometimes with apprehension, and always recollected among the memorabilia worthiest of note. Then he was the principal actor in the most impressive family scenes—he gave their names to the children when life began, he spoke the eulogiums of the dead when life was ended, he counselled, encouraged, reproved all from the pulpit, and was entitled to speak as no one else spoke in the household. He knew most of hidden things, most of heaven, hell, and God, and had little to do with the working, everyday world. It was indeed a great thing to be a minister of the gospel, too great a thing for me, and so I glided into other studies and pursuits, still looking back upon that to which I felt I was not worthy to be called (pp. 52, 53).

Writing towards the close of his life, he seems to congratulate himself on his escape from what he felt would have been an "existence of silent monotony." This leaning towards the ministry led him to engage for years in a fierce theological controversy with a cousin, afterwards a successful Chancery barrister, with the usual result. Neither made any advances towards the conversion of the other, the disputants became angry, each despising his adversary for being blind and deaf to the counter-arguments which each deemed irresistible. "The itch of writing," writes Sir John, "was upon me from my boyhood." "Another result of the Nonconformist training which he underwent was an intense love of liberty and independence of opinion." This, as his son remarks, fitted him later on in life to become the willing disciple of Jeremy Bentham, and the ardent apostle of the principles taught by the philosopher of Queen Square Place.

The first four years after his leaving school young Bowring spent in his native city as clerk in a house the principal of which bore a name then and now much respected in Exeter—that of Kennaway, which was engaged at the same time in the wine and spirit and the Manchester trade. It is not said, but from Bowring's subsequent devotion to the interests of the cotton trade we should judge, that it was in the Manchester branch of the business in which he was engaged. It was during this period that he learned the rudiments of the six languages which we have specified, which he afterwards spoke with ease and fluency.

Having [writes his son] the quick ear and ready apprehension which constitute the lin-

guist, he soon found himself able to converse with facility in the native tongue of any country which he visited. He had a fair acquaintance with Danish and Swedish, and acquired a book-knowledge of Russian, Servian, Polish, and Bohemian, which enabled him to translate the productions of writers in those languages. He studied Magyar also with some success at a later period, learnt a little Arabic during his journeys in the East, and when an old man mastered a good deal of that difficult language, Chinese, to which he devoted much attention. Although he was rather a linguist than a philologist, he wrote many articles on some of the less-known tongues of Europe.*

From the breadth of his attainments in foreign languages, Sir John's experience as to the best method of acquiring them is worth transcribing, though it is not novel, but corroborative of that of others.

In the study of languages for practical purposes, I have found that courage in speaking is the very best means of advancing. Far more is learnt by the exercise of the tongue, which is necessarily active, than by that of the ear, which is necessarily passive. It is a common vanity for people to say that they understand better than they can talk. Such cases are, I believe, rare. Generally speaking, it is more easy to convey one's thoughts by signs and language to others than to receive their thoughts. The art of language-learning is one that requires no superior capacity. There is not much difference in the ages at which different children are able to express their emotions, and if languages were learnt as children learn them, they would be found easy of acquirement. It is scarcely more difficult to acquire five languages than one, and I have known many instances of five or more languages spoken with equal purity and perfection. The proof of the thorough possession of a language is that you are able to think in it, and that no work of translation goes on in the mind. *For myself, I often dream in other languages than English, and find that associations with particular countries and particular studies do not take the form of English phraseology; but this, of course, depends upon the extent to which foreign languages have been employed in the daily business of life.*†

The ancient woollen trade of Exeter, in which the Bowring family had for many generations been engaged, was decaying, and about to vanish away. It no longer afforded the prospect of a livelihood to men like Bowring whose career lay before them; his father, in fact, lived to see its final decay and departure to the north. Bowring therefore followed the path taken by most young men in the country who have to make their way in the world—he

* Memoir, p. 4.

† Recollections, Languages, p. 91.

came to London. The year 1811 found him engaged in the offices of Messrs. Milford & Co., a firm engaged in the Spanish trade. The clannish feeling, still so strong amongst the people of the two most western counties, is illustrated by the fact that John Milford, the head of the firm, was an Exeter man. He seems to have been a man of overbearing disposition, with a strong attachment to the pleasures of the table, and to have been much addicted to magnums of port.* Young Bowring was an inmate in the house of a Mr. and Mrs. Parkes. Mr. Parkes he describes as "an author and a popular one," though we fear his fame has not lasted to this day. His ruling passion was for literary distinction. He evidently had great influence over the mind of Bowring, and so far forth as his commercial success is concerned, it was not an influence for good. Within two years he had risen so high in the opinion of the firm, that in 1813 he was sent on important business to Spain. Not only his business habits, but his mastery of Spanish, gained during his four years' clerkship at Exeter, especially fitted him for the task. This mastery was shown by the fact that though before his landing in Spain he had scarcely ever spoken Castilian with a native, he not only was able to hold converse with the people, but his earliest publication was written *currente calamo* in Spanish. It was a book against negro slavery, and was published at Madrid in 1821.† Three years later he published his "Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain."‡ He was known in Spain as *el Español Ingles*. His principal occupation was receiving consignments of wheat and stores for the British army, the headquarters of which were at Leraca, a Pyrenean village. These cargoes were consigned to him at the ports of Bilbao, St. Sebastian, and Passages, and the River Adour, between which places he passed constantly to and fro.

He saw much of the horrors of the war, and of the financial economy of the British army, which he thus describes:—

Never was a war conducted with more improvidence and disregard to economy than that of the peninsula. Everything was bought at extravagant prices; and the want of ready money had thrown British pecuniary reputation into such distrust, that large fortunes

were made by the purchase, at an enormous discount, of the promissory notes of our commissariat officers; sixty to eighty per cent. less was not an uncommon depreciation. The exchange upon London was immensely disadvantageous to the British government; and instead of providing money by drafts on the treasury, supplies of hard cash had been sent out. Probably more than half the expenses of the war might have been saved to the public. Our army was at the mercy of contractors, jobbers, and speculators in exchange, and a thousand classes of adventurers, native and foreign, almost everything being bought at most extravagant rates. This added to the enormous increase of prices which increased demand always produces. There was the additional augmentation, justified by supposed risk as to ultimate payment, and certainty of delay in the examination and settlement of accounts (p. 56).

The Spanish democratic constitution of 1812, based upon universal male suffrage, had been in force about two years, and seemed to be a great success. "There was much to gratify the friends of progress. Schools were everywhere started, multitudes of newspapers were published, and a free press gave the desirable influence to all the master minds of Spain."

Bowring became intimate with the leading members of the "patriotic" or popular party. The error into which the popular leaders had fallen appeared to him to be the attempt at centralization. "We ourselves," he admits, "owe much to the pertinacity with which we hold to ancestral traditions and ancestral usages." This is true, but it is not at all in the spirit of Bentham; and we should like to know whether this passage was written before Bowring came under Bentham's influence, or whether it was written after a wider experience of men and public affairs had emancipated him from the somewhat *doctrinaire* views of the great legist. But if this be true of England, it is *à fortiori* true of Spain, where there is more of provinciality than nationality. "There is no abstract Spain, as every Spaniard is prouder of his province than of his country. The provincialities were the true elements of freedom, and should have been carefully and cautiously watched" (p. 102). Lord Holland applied to Bowring to furnish the *Edinburgh Review* with an article on the Spanish position and prospects. He did so, but its tone was too Radical for the Whig organ. It was never inserted, and the writer had his labor for his pains. These "Recollections" supply a corroboration to Lord Beaconsfield's historical sketch of the Jews in Spain, which was

* See the sketch of him, *Recollections*, pp. 398, 399.

† Its title was, "*Contestacion a las observaciones de Don Juan. B. Ogavan sobre la esclavitud de los Negros.*" See Appendix, List of Principal Writings, 1821.

‡ See Appendix.

much ridiculed at the time of its first publication.*

Of the great hidalgos of Spain—the sons of something, as the word implies—the dignitaries of the *sangre azul*, there is scarcely one whose ancestry is not mingled with the Hebrew races. Those races have been equally the object of persecution with the Moors, but they have not been extirpated. I have often met with Jews in Spain whose religion was concealed from their Catholic neighbors, but who did not hesitate to avow their faith to those they deemed worthy of their confidence. They absented themselves on some plea or other during the time when the *vigias cristianas* are required to attend the confessional (p. 103).

The peace of 1814 brought Bowring back to England, but in 1815 he returned to the peninsula; not, however, to Spain, but to Portugal, to claim for Milford & Co. from the British government some accounts in arrear, payment of which he enforced. He found the administration of justice in Portugal was tardy and arbitrary. "It was the custom for the Society of Mercy to supply the instruments of punishment, by bribing whom, the most atrocious criminals escaped from death. They were always present at executions, and, when sufficiently paid, provided rotten ropes, which broke with the guilty person, and when he fell they covered him with the flag of mercy, and he was out of the reach of the civil power" (p. 114). Bowring was dissatisfied with the estimate put by his principals on the services he had rendered them abroad, and he accordingly separated from them, and commenced business on his own account. In 1816, in his twenty-fourth year, he married Maria, daughter of Samuel Lewin, and their son records that "during the vicissitudes of forty-two years, in which were blended, as in most human lives, much of happiness and much of sorrow, his wife, by her noble character and equanimity under heavy trials, proved herself a worthy partner, rejoicing in his successes and strengthening him in his reverses."†

As a commercial man Bowring was not successful. He sums up his business career with equal brevity and frankness. "At one time I had realized about £40,000, a sum that ought to have satisfied my ambition. Not once, but twice in my life, I have been possessed of this more than competency, and twice I have lost more than I possessed. I abandoned commerce, for which, in some respects at all events, I was not unfitted" (p. 57).

This modest estimate of his business qualifications he based on two undoubted facts—his thorough knowledge of accounts, and a knowledge of languages superior to that of most (we should have said any) of the merchants on the Royal Exchange. He congratulates himself that he utilized his knowledge of accounts by a successful effort to reform our national system of bookkeeping.

"I can now calmly estimate and thoroughly understand I had too much confidence in unworthy men, and was altogether of too adventurous and speculative a nature. Had I been associated with persons of a less sanguine character, and possessing qualities in which I was deficient, I should probably have ended my commercial career in much prosperity and opulence" (p. 291).

To these causes his son adds another, which no doubt had a share in producing the catastrophe which marred Bowring's commercial career, viz., the tendency which he early showed to deviate from a purely business life to literary pursuits, which had for him an attraction that proved irresistible. With regard to the gain to the public from Bowring's commercial experience, it is proper here to state that his (Bowring's) reputation as a man versed in business as early as 1828 attracted the notice of official men, and Mr. Herries, the then chancellor of the exchequer, nominated him one of the commissioners then appointed to inquire into the state of the public bookkeeping, with a view to its reform. The Duke of Wellington inexorably refused to agree to his appointment, saying "he would never consent to the appointment of such a d—d Radical" (p. 291).

This first commission proved a failure, but on the access to power of the Grey ministry, it was reconstituted, and Bowring was made its secretary. Its report, laid before Parliament in 1852, became, he says, with a pride entirely justifiable, "the foundation of all the improvements which have been introduced into our financial records, whose last triumph has been in the act which requires the payment of the *gross revenues* of the State—the revenues without any deduction—into the exchequer, thus giving Parliament an absolute control over the whole national expenditure" (p. 291). We may here quote Bowring's estimate of the Duke of Wellington as a statesman:—

He understood very little, if anything, of the questions of state policy beyond the immediate field of his own personal responsibilities and duties. Of political economy he was

* *Vide* Coningsby, c. x.

† *Memoir*, p. 5.

supremely ignorant, yet his strong common sense enabled him at last to recognize some of its fundamental truths. His speeches on economical subjects teem with puerilities and absurdities, without ingenuity in conception or in expression. Of the ends and objects of government he had formed no philosophical estimate, nor dreamed that authority had any other duty or function than to cause itself to be respected and obeyed.

The people were altogether a cypher in his eyes, except as grouped round the sovereignty. All his sympathies were with rulers, whatever was the character of their rule, and he cared nothing for subjects, whatever might be the nature of their subjection. But when dangers menaced the ruling few "from the action of the serving many," he had the sagacity to discern that those dangers justified and demanded concessions (p. 293).

To return for a moment to Bowring's "commercial experiences." He remarks that the men who have amassed the largest sums of money have generally succeeded by the persevering application of some very simple principle as their general rule of proceedings, and gives the following instances of his theory:—

Ricardo said that he made his money by observing that people in general exaggerated the importance of events. If, therefore, dealing as he dealt in stocks, there was reason for a small advance, he bought because he was certain the unreasonable advance would enable him to realize; so when stocks were falling, he sold in the conviction that alarm and panic would produce a decline not warranted by circumstances. Morrison told me that he owed all his prosperity to the discovery that the great art of mercantile traffic was to find out sellers rather than buyers; that if you bought cheap and satisfied yourself with only a fair profit, buyers—the best sort of buyers, those who have money to buy—would come of themselves. He said he found houses engaged with a most expensive machinery sending travellers about in all directions to seek orders and to effect sales, while he employed travellers to buy instead of to sell; and if they bought well, there was no fear of his effecting advantageous sales. So uniting this theory with another, that small profits and quick returns are more profitable in the long run than long credits with great gains, he established one of the largest and most lucrative concerns that has ever existed in London, and was entitled to a name which I have often heard applied to him, "the Napoleon of shopkeepers." Hudson had his theory too, and a very simple and sensible one. He saw how unnecessarily expensive was the machinery of railway management; that the same staff and plant, generally very costly, while directing only one railway concern, might with a small additional charge be applied to many. Hence fusions and absorptions, and junctions and

unions—the *personnel* improved in quality by the selection of the most efficient, and the *materiel* economized by a great extension of its employment (p. 58).

The years 1819–20 were spent by Bowring in visiting on business for the second time Spain, and for the first time France, Belgium, Holland, and Russia. In France he formed the acquaintance of many of the leaders of the political and literary world.

Through General Dumouriez he became intimate with Louis Philippe, at that time Duke of Orleans, and the object of the suspicions and fears of the restored Bourbons. He was surrounded by spies, and told Bowring that he had not a servant whom he could trust, and that he believed they were all in the pay of the police.

Bowring thought there was no ground for the accusations of plotting brought by the court and its followers against Louis Philippe, whom he describes as "talkative and somewhat swaggering, but really a very timid man." Elsewhere he speaks of him as "the most insincere of men," and adds that Thiers once called him "*le plus grande fourbe de l'Europe*" (p. 137). He had, continues Bowring

a notion certainly that the absurd policy of the elder Bourbons, and especially of Charles X., would in the natural course of events waft the crown of France towards him, and that it would fall on his head. In fact, his work was better done by his foolish relations than he could have done it for himself, and he preferred a safe to an adventurous policy. He was wholly without enlarged ideas, but saw clearly enough in a narrow circle (p. 132).

Throughout Louis Philippe's reign he kept up an acquaintance with Bowring, and not unfrequently sent for him to consult him on political and commercial questions. Further acquaintance with this monarch did not increase Bowring's respect or esteem for him. Amongst his sketches of various celebrities, there is one of Louis Philippe (p. 258, *et seq.*). It is interesting and impartial, but the writer's estimate of the king is on the whole unfavorable. "As a country squire, he would have held an honored position; as a monarch, he was beneath mediocrity. He would have quarrelled with England, and under Thiers' impetuosity would willingly have gone to war, but he *dared* not. I doubt if he trusted anybody, though he believed he could control anybody" (p. 365).

Some of the personal traits of the king are amusing.

He was accustomed to interlard his conver-

sation with bits of foreign languages, several of which he spoke well. He called the Duke of Wellington "comme vous autres Anglais disent a puss in boots;" and when speaking of his own possession of the crown he added, "Possession, vous savez, is nine points of the law." He (writes Bowring) so little understood the position of a constitutional monarch, that he often boasted of carrying matters against the opinion of his ministers by his personal will. He said to me, "Am I to sit in council and be a nullity like the queen of England?" to which my reply was, "Sire, vous faites des questions ministerielles des questions monarchiques. You involve yourself in responsibilities which had better be avoided." In another of his outpourings he said, "Il n'y a que moi qui puisse mener cette voiture-là," meaning the state carriage; and when Bowring replied, "Mais, sire, si vous la versez," he was much displeased, and remarked to Casimir Périer, "Bowring avait me dit des choses vertes."

During the negotiations for the Spanish marriages he carried on a private correspondence with Bresson, his minister at Madrid, and in a conversation Bowring had with him at that time he pulled out from his side pockets a quantity of papers, and said, "*Croyez-vous que mes ministres aient vu cela?*" He had a great idea, says Bowring, that he was a master of the art of kingcraft, but he certainly had not the *ars celare artem*.

Bowring's first visit to France had an unpleasant ending; he had all along been an object of suspicion to the police (p. 134), and they supposed, not without reason, that he was implicated in a plot for promoting the escape of the "*quatre sergens de la Rochelle*" young men of good family, who had been condemned to death for singing republican songs. He was arrested as he was embarking at Calais for England. Canning was then prime minister of England,* and as soon as he was informed of Bowring's arrest, he insisted on his release, or on such an *acte d'accusation* as would justify his detention. The French government dreaded discussion and exposure, and after six weeks' detention, during which he had several interviews with the *procureur du roi*, who sought to exhort from him materials out of which to frame an indictment, and was informed by Bowring that, if brought to trial, he should call attention to facts exceedingly discreditable as to the manner in which judicial proceedings were

conducted in France, he was suddenly released, and informed that he would not be allowed again to enter France. He did, however, return, and that ere long. A congratulatory address to the French people on the Revolution of 1830 had been agreed to by a Common Hall of the city of London. The address was Bowring's own composition. He was sent over by the meeting to present it. He was entertained by M. Odillon Barrot, then prefect of the Seine, at a public dinner given at the Hôtel de Ville, and was the first foreigner received by Louis Philippe after the English ambassador had announced to him that England recognized the monarchy of July.

This recognition delighted and so excited the newly-made king, that on Bowring and his companion, M. Odillon Barrot, entering the room, he drew with his own hands three chairs to the centre of the room, and saying, "*Asseyez vous, asseyez vous*," he sat down so violently in the middle chair that it broke down, and the king fell on his back on the floor. He was raised up by the two others, M. Odillon Barrot saying, "*Voyez vous êtes entourés des amis*;" but the incident, notes Bowring, "was not a very pleasurable one to the incipient monarch."

It was on Bowring's first visit to Paris, and on his introduction to Abbé Grégoire (Bishop of Blois), Laroche, Thierry, Cuvier, Humboldt,* and other men of letters that he formed the determination which in one of his letters he thus expressed: "It will be the height of my ambition to do something which may connect my name with the literature of the age."

It was during Bowring's visit to Paris in 1830 that he came under the influence of the St. Simonians.

Among the leaders of this once famous sect were Michel Chevalier, afterwards the ally of Richard Cobden, and Arles Dufour of Lyons, in which city he was not only an earnest promoter of every philanthropic project, but one of the most efficient advocates in the chamber of commerce and through the press of the great principles of free trade.

Some of the most instructive documents which have been published on the free-trade question emanated, says Bowring, from Arles's pen. The free-trade tendencies of the St. Simonians attracted Bowring, already a free-trader, to them; he speaks of them in terms of the highest praise.

* In this statement we follow the "Recollections," which are confused as to dates. The arrest is said to have taken place in 1822. Canning did not become premier until 1827.

* See the sketches of Humboldt, *Recollections*, p. 367; of Grégoire, *ibid.*, p. 391.

Whatever tares and weeds [he says] may be found in the harvesting of this strange community, there was in all their teachings abundance of the good and prolific seed of a genuine and generous philanthropy, which has produced excellent fruits in many of the leading minds of France. International hatreds have disappeared wherever the St. Simonian creed has prevailed, and with it the conviction has spread that love, not hatred, peace, not war, unchecked commercial intercourse, not repulsion, are the motives by which nations should be influenced and the objects for which they should strive; that if God in his all-wise providence has given to each people its advantages of climate, soil, and production, it was not for selfish but for cosmopolitan ends; it was that the superfluities of each may be interchanged with those of all others; it was, in a word, that benefits and blessings might be maximized over the widest space and for the whole human family.*

This passage, both in thought and expression, closely resembles one in Hume's essay on the balance of trade, which is remarkable as containing one of the few religious allusions to be found in his writings. Writing of protective and prohibited duties, he says, "Could anything scatter our riches, it would be such impolitic contrivances; but this general ill effect, however, results from them, that they deprive neighboring nations of that free communication and exchange which the author of the world has intended by giving them soil, climates, and geniuses so different from each other."

In 1831 Dr. Bowring, as he came to be called after the University of Groningen, in Holland, bestowed on him the diploma of LL.D., availed himself of his intimacy with Louis Philippe to endeavor to negotiate a commercial treaty on free-trade principles between France and England. Of this negotiation Mr. Greville writes in his journal:—

Poulett Thomson, who has been at Paris some time, has originated it, and Althorp, the chancellor of the exchequer, selected George Villiers (afterwards Earl Clarendon) for the purpose, but has added to him as a colleague Dr. Bowring, who has in fact been selected by Thomson, a theorist and a jobber, deeply implicated in the Greek fire, and a Benthamite. He was the subject of a cutting satire of Moore's, beginning, —

The ghost of Miltiades came by night,
And stood by the bed of the Benthamite.

But he has been at Paris for some time understanding the subject, and has wound himself into some intimacy with the French king and his ministers. It is, however, Poulett Thom-

son who has persuaded Althorp to appoint him, in order to have a creature of his own there.*

The animus of this passage is plain. It is the dislike the aristocratic writer felt at two City men presuming to interfere in the sacred mysteries of diplomacy, hitherto free from plebeian intrusion. Bowring was no creature of Poulett Thomson's. On the contrary, Bowring brought Thomson into public life; he introduced him to Joseph Hume, who introduced him to the Radical party at Dover, which constituency first sent him to Parliament; he brought much commercial knowledge and business habits to Parliamentary life, and became a useful ally to Lord Althorp. His appointment as vice-president of the board of trade in the Grey government was the only one insisted on by Lord Althorp.† He afterwards was one of the two first members for Manchester, and president of the board of trade. Subsequently he was governor-general of Canada and Lord Sydenham. Of his merits and defects as a public man there is not much difference between Greville and Bowring.‡ With regard to the once celebrated lines by Moore, quoted by Greville, which were originally published in the *Times*, Bowring notes an instance of great generosity on the part of Moore, that when a common friend assured him that he had done Bowring great injustice, he immediately consented to suppress the publication of the poem.

As the attack on Bowring's integrity insinuated by this poem is withdrawn, there can be no harm in reprinting it. As a specimen of versified satire it is inimitable.

AH QUOTIES DUBIUS SCRIPTIS EXORSIT AMATOR.§

The ghost of Miltiades came by night,
And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite,
And he said in a voice that thrilled the frame,
"If ever the sound of Marathon's name
Hath fired thy blood or flushed thy brow
Lover of liberty, rouse thee now."

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed,
Away to the stock exchange he sped,
And he found the scrip of Greece so high,
That it fired his blood, it flushed his eye;

* Journal, vol. ii., pp. 219, 220.

† Life of Earl Spencer, p. 263.

‡ Comp. sketch of Lord Sydenham, *Recollections*, pp. 301, 302. Greville Journal, vol. ii., p. 222. Comp. also sketch of him in Life of Earl Spencer, p. 237, note.

§ The charge (wholly unfounded) against Bowring was, that under pretence of philanthropic motives he had dealt in the Greek loan for his own profit.

* Sketch of Arles Dufour, *Recollections*, p. 313. Comp. sketch of the St. Simonians, *ibid.*, p. 384.

And oh ! 'twas a sight for the ghost to see,
For there never was Greek more Greek than
he ;

And still as the premium higher went,
His ecstasy rose so much per cent.,
(As we see in a glass that tells the weather
The heat and the silver rise together,)
And liberty sung from the patriot's lip,
While a voice from his pocket whispered,
" Scrip ! "

The ghost of Miltiades came again,
He smiled as the pale moon smiles through
rain,

For his soul was glad at the patriot strain,
And, poor dear ghost, how little he knew
The jobs and tricks of the Philhellene crew,
Blessings and thanks were all he said,
Then, melting away, like a night dream fled.

The Benthamite hears, amazed that ghosts
Could be such fools, and away he posts.
A patriot still ? — ah no ! ah no !
Goddess of Freedom, thy scrip is low,
And warm and fond as thy lovers are,
Thou triest their passions when under par.
The Benthamite's ardor fast decays,
By turns he weeps and swears and prays,
And wishes the devil had crescent and cross,
Ere he had been found to sell at a loss.
They quote him the scrip of various nations,
But spite of his classic associations,
Lord, how he loathes the Greek quotations !
" Who'll buy my scrip ? who'll buy my scrip ? "
Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,
As he goes to tell how hard his lot is
To Messrs. Orlanda and Luriottes,
And says, " O Greece ! for liberty's sake,
Do buy my scrip, and I vow to break
These dark, unholy bonds of thine
If you'll only consent to buy up mine."

The ghost of Miltiades came once more,
His brow like the night was lowering o'er,
And he said with a look that flashed dismay,
" Of liberty's foes, the worst are they
Who turn to a trade her cause divine,
And gamble for gold on freedom's shrine."
So saying, the ghost, as he took his flight,
Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,
Which sent him whimpering off to Jerry,
And vanished away to the Stygian ferry.

In Bowring's (p. 350) well-intended efforts to promote greater freedom of commercial intercourse between England and France, he was met by many hindrances. The minister of finance, Baron Louis, was a most earnest and conscientious supporter of free trade, but the French commissioners who met Mr. Villiers and Dr. Bowring were not so. One, the Baron Freville, was " a man of little strength of character ; " the other, M. Duchatel, the friend and colleague of Guizot, was more desirous of making himself agreeable to the king than of promoting the general good. The king himself was a deceiver

throughout. He was a large forest proprietor, and could not reconcile himself to the losses he anticipated should the importation of English iron lessen the value of the timber employed in the manufactures of the French. His sister, Madame Adelaide, was a partner with Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, in ironworks, and they furnished supplies to the State. The English commissioners were all along thwarted by M. Thiers, by a great majority of the peers and deputies interested in the articles protected by the existing tariff, and by M. David, the head of the *douane*, the most determined enemy of free trade, all whose subordinates were equally the bitter enemies of commercial liberty, and who held the doctrine, then equally popular in England, and the lingering prevalence of which is abundantly to be traced in Parliament and elsewhere in discussions on cattle importation and other kindred subjects, viz., that the markets of a country belong by right to the natives, and that foreigners are but intruders there. In the course of the negotiation the English commissioner arranged with M. Thiers for the removal of the prohibition on the importation of the finest qualities of cotton twist. It was promised that the ordinance for that purpose should appear in the *Moniteur* of a given day. It did not, whereupon Bowring went to M. Thiers, and taking him by the coat, said, "*Mon ami, il faut que l'ordonnance paraisse sans retard.*" Thiers made some lame excuse about difficulties, but in the end said, "*Bien ! ça se fera,*" and the promised ordinance appeared the next day. An exaggerated report of this interview got abroad, which caused Lord Melbourne on one occasion, when Bowring's name was mentioned to him, to exclaim, *more suo*, " Dr. Bowring ! d—— him, why he colared a prime minister ! " On the whole, the negotiations were unsuccessful, and it was reserved for another Englishman, Richard Cobden, and for a less selfish and more enlightened sovereign, Napoleon III., to lay the foundation of unrestricted commercial intercourse between England and France.* Of Napoleon III. Dr. Bowring had a high opinion. His acquaintance with him commenced when he was

* The writer wishes to state, on the authority of Mr. Cobden, what he believes is not generally known, that the settlement of the celebrated treaty of commerce was much facilitated by Prince Napoleon Louis. Mr. Cobden told the writer that whenever, as often happened, a difficulty arose in the course of the negotiation, he at once applied to the prince, through whose influence with the emperor the difficulty, whatever it might be, was generally got over.

residing with his mother at Arenenberg and engaged in military studies. In reference to the emperor's book on the artillery service, the merits of which are allowed by the highest authorities, but the merits of which have been attributed not to him, but to his instructor, General Dufour, Dr. Bowring tells us that he met the general at Berne, and "took the liberty to inquire how far he had been a party to the composition, but he disclaimed all participation in the work, and said that the prince, as he then was, was a superior military genius" (p. 140). It was at or about the time of his negotiation at Paris that Dr. Bowring visited most of the wine districts of France, and there learned some facts which are not only amusing but instructive.

The average production [he writes] of the four clarets of the first quality does not exceed about four hundred tons per annum. These are called *premiers crus*, and are represented by the Médoc vineyards of Lafitte, Latour, Château Margaux, and Château Haut Brion. It is a curious fact, that while the English were possessors of Gascony, the wines now universally recognized as of the best order were so inferior, that it was made a condition, in order to dispose of them, that a certain quantity should be taken by those who desired to purchase the then superior wines of Blaye. It is believed that more than thirty thousand tons are sold in the different markets of the world under the favored names. In champagne, the two most distinguished vineyards, that of Aï for the sparkling, and that of Sillery for the still champagne, produce very small quantities, though there is no wine merchant who will not agree to provide a supply to any extent. I was informed that there are five countries, England, Russia, France, Turkey, and the United States of America, any one of which consumes more than the whole of the genuine produce of champagne, so that at least four-fifths of the wine drunk under that name is either made in other districts or artificially manufactured. While on a visit to M. Ouvrard, the proprietor of the most celebrated of the Burgundy vineyards, that of Romanée Conti, he informed me that though the wine was nominally sold at every restaurant in Paris, and is to be found in the list of all the principal dealers in wine, he never sold a bottle, the vineyard producing only a few tons, which he kept for his own private use, and for presents to a small number of privileged personages.*

This was written in 1861, seemingly from recollections of what he had learned in 1830-32.

Looking at the great increase in the import of French wines of all names and

* Recollections, p. 374, under the head "Lamartine."

descriptions since the Cobden treaty,* and the absence of any evidence that the manufacture of the wines of highest quality has or can be proportionately increased, the English drinkers of the so-called *premiers crus* have great and melancholy reason for doubting the identity of the liquors they consume with the wines whose names they bear, and for which names the consumers pay a heavy price.

Very different results followed Dr. Bowring's labors as a free-trade missionary in Belgium. King Leopold once told him that by his writings and discourses he had made all the Belgians free-traders. Dr. Bowring had at different times two official missions to Belgium, both connected with commercial subjects. One of these coincided in time with the Belgian revolution of 1830. He had much intercourse with the provisional government. He pointed out to them that the future of Belgium must be settled in London, and not in Brussels. To him belongs the merit of introducing the late M. Van de Weyer into the diplomatic world which he so long adorned. It was at Dr. Bowring's instance that M. Van de Weyer was selected by the provisional government as their envoy to the British Cabinet. Dr. Bowring accompanied him, and introduced him to the political circles of London. M. Van de Weyer was the son of an obscure *juge de la paix*, his mother kept a small library in Louvain. Prior to the Belgian revolution he had attained some eminence as an *avocat*, and attached himself to the republican party. On the success of the revolution he became a member of the provisional government. As a diplomatist he was successful from the first. Talleyrand spoke of him in terms of high praise, and the Duke of Wellington was struck with the *undiplomatic* frankness and ability with which he treated the interests committed to his charge.

Van de Weyer [says Bowring] formed a very correct estimate of the tendencies of public opinion at home and abroad. He soon detached himself from the republican party, and attached himself to the cause of monarchy as represented by Leopold, to whose service he

* This may be inferred from the following figures. The total average number of gallons of wine imported to England in the years 1840, 1841, and 1842, the last three years of our protectionist policy, was 8,078,621. The average total number of gallons imported in the years 1872, 1873, and 1874, under the *régime* of free trade and the Cobden treaty, was 10,859,152 — increase, 11,790,531. Of this increase in our imports, France supplies a very large, if not the largest share. — *Vide* Ashworth's "Recollections of Richard Cobden, M.P., and the Anti-Corn-Law League," Appendix, p. 15.

devoted himself with unswerving faithfulness. It was happy for him that Great Britain was the field in which his talents found their exercise, for in Belgium the *morgue aristocratique* would have rebelled against his elevation, as it did when for a short season he was invested with ministerial authority at home (pp. 273, 274).

With Leopold I. Dr. Bowring had frequent and unrestrained intercourse during the fifty years of that monarch's public life. A common desire to promote sound principles of political economy was the bond of union between them. A very interesting and appreciative sketch of the king will be found in the "Recollections" (pp. 265, 281). We can afford only to notice a few of his more marked characteristics.

The mind of Leopold, modified as it was by English and French associations, the result of the study of books and men, was markedly of the German type, and though he spoke fluently, but somewhat slowly, the languages of what have been called the two great rival nations, and was well instructed in the history of both, there was a paramount Teutonic influence traceable in his phraseology, which showed that he thought in German, even while his utterances were the idioms of France or England. Even at his table, German was the accepted and preferred tongue, unless when courtesy to guests or diplomatic usages made the employment of French or English more becoming.

There was always in the mind of King Leopold a longing, a feeling (for which the Germans have in *Schmuck* a more emphatic word than we possess), there was a longing which led his thoughts towards Claremont. The gardens and conservatories there were called upon to furnish fruits and flowers for his table, and I have had not unfrequently a dinner invitation from the court with the appendix, *le panier de Claremont est arrivé*.

A striking evidence of the genuine simplicity of Leopold's nature was seen in his attachment to his country abode at Laeken, which he much preferred to the palatial residence in the capital. In the grounds and gardens, and in the less adorned but very comfortable apartments of his country home, he found much more that was domestic and social than was compatible with the greater glare and splendor of the metropolitan city. Though he visited it for state receptions, for diplomatic intercourse, and for those public displays which are associated with the functions of monarchy, he always returned with renewed enjoyment to the comparative retreat and seclusion of his beloved rural domicile. Not that he was in any way reserved or inaccessible — quite the contrary; for not only did he willingly and cordially receive all those with whom he had, to do in private or public life, but there was a courtesy and kindness in his habitual bearing

which were singularly winning, and which in his presence left everybody at his ease.

Among the less important characteristics of King Leopold was this: he seemed to have an affection for old garments, not from any niggardliness — of which I never heard him accused — but from the mere force of habit, which becomes, as it were, a portion of every day's continuity. Many men confess to a certain weakness in favor of old shoes and old hats, and it is a subject of reasonable complaint that when they become most comfortable, when every toe has found its own particular niche, or when the hat has become plastic enough to accommodate itself to every undulation of the brow, the faithful servant is dismissed on account of some hostile criticism, and a new hat is introduced which pinches the forehead, or a new pair of shoes which inflict agony upon the feet. Now up to the time in which absolute raggedness demands the expulsion of a favorite bit of ancient costume, one may be allowed to hesitate about its rejection, and certainly the gold lace upon King Leopold's *froc* had lost its lustre long before it was dismissed (pp. 269, 277, 279, 280).

The occasion of Dr. Bowring's last visit to Leopold was characteristic of the peace-seeking and peace-loving disposition which influenced the career of both, though, as will be seen, there were in Bowring's Chinese career aberrations from his usual peaceful tendencies. He had negotiated or been instrumental in bringing about a treaty of friendship and commerce between Belgium and the Hawaiian Islands. The draft treaty contained a clause providing that if there were any difference of opinion between the two governments which could not be satisfactorily solved by diplomatic correspondence, there should be no appeal to arms, but such differences should be referred to the friendly arbitration and decision of some neutral power. No such clause had up to that time been inserted in any European treaty, and the authorities of the Belgian Foreign Office were aghast at a proposal so unprecedented and foreign to all the traditions of diplomacy. The ministers specially referred the question to the decision of the king. "*C'est une question humanitaire, ainsi soit-il*," was his award, and the arbitration clause remains in the Belgo-Hawaiian treaty. A precedent was thus made which we trust will in the future be universally followed, and so lead to that great desideratum — a code of international law.

We have deviated from chronological order in our narrative of Bowring's career in order to deal connectedly with his French and Belgian labors. We return to it.

In 1819 Bowring visited Russia. We find nothing noteworthy in his Russian experiences except that at St. Petersburg he found

some interesting documents among the manuscripts, namely, the original letters of Mary Stuart written while in prison, and an immense mass of papers purchased by the Russian ambassador at Paris during the Revolution. I saw the missal of the unfortunate queen, in which she wrote up to the time of her death. She made it an album, and appears to have requested the celebrated personages who visited her to write their names in it. Bacon's name is among the rest. Some of her own verses bewailing her fate are beautiful. From the letters of Mary to the French court and others she seems to have been treated by Elizabeth with monstrous brutality. In one of them she complained that the guards insisted on her sleeping with their wives and daughters. Elizabeth's answers to several potentates who interceded for Mary bespoke a cold-hearted cruelty and pride which do her little honor. At the time of the Revolution, these letters were scattered among the mob to be trampled on as the works of "kings and queens," and were most of them purchased for a trifle. Some hundred of letters of Henry IV. cost forty francs (p. 123).

During Bowring's visit to Russia he acquired sufficient knowledge of its language to enable him to give to the world the first specimens of it ever translated into English. These were his two well-known volumes of "Russian Anthology," published 1820-23. He returned home through Finland. The language, the poetry, and the traditions of the Finnish people were to him "full of charms." "Most of the poetry of the Finns is written in that peculiar metre to which Longfellow has given a certain popularity in his 'Hiawatha'; but I believe," adds Bowring, "I may take credit to myself for having been the first to introduce it into our language in an article which appeared in the *Westminster Review* of April 1827" (p. 126). From Finland he crossed *via* the Gulf of Bothnia to Sweden. His passage was not unattended with difficulties and even dangers. He spent a few days with Frauen, Bishop of Oretro, one "of the most popular of the modern poets of Sweden." Here a somewhat odd coincidence occurred. A Hindoo escaped from a wreck in the Baltic, and sought refuge in the bishop's house. He had saved from the wreck a copy of Bowring's "Matins and Vespers,"* which he said had been a great comfort to him,

and which on parting he gave to the bishop as a token of gratitude for his kindness; and the bishop had kept it in his pulpit, little expecting ever to have its author as his guest.

In or about 1821 Bowring made the acquaintance of Bentham, the guide, instructor, and admiration of his riper years, as Dr. Lant Carpenter was of his youth. In that year Bowring published from Bentham's MSS. his first economical work, viz., "Observations on the Restrictive and Prohibitory Commercial System."

The disciple speedily gained the esteem and affection of the master; for as early as 1821 we find him writing to the Portuguese minister of justice, "Avez vous besoin, vous autres portugais, d'un homme que est propre a tout, pourvu que cela ait rapport au genre humain? Il est actif, infatigable au plus haut degré; meilleur cœur n'a jamais existé et n'existera jamais; vous m'avez appelé citoyen du monde, et je le suis, mais je ne le suis pas plus que lui. On ne risque pas en donnant des éloges à cet homme-là; il a autant d'amis qu'il a de connaissances."*

The same affectionate relations between them continued until Bentham's death in 1822. Bowring was the sole companion of his last moments. The dying philosopher ordered the exclusion of every other person from his room, and made the characteristic remark, "Now we have minimized pain."

Of Bentham these "Recollections" tell us little not previously known through the life by Bowring prefixed to his edition of Bentham's works published after his death, in which, according to the *Edinburgh Review*, he is "typographically interred."† We learn, however, that so much was he

in advance of his age, that Romilly recommended him not to publish several of his works, as he felt assured that printing them would lead to prosecution and imprisonment. Many of his writings [continues Bowring] I have not deemed it safe to give to the world even after his death, so bold and adventurous were some of his speculations, but they remain in the archives of the British Museum, and at some future time may be dragged into the light of day (p. 339).

Of Bentham's conversation Bowring says that it was often desultory, but that he threw into every remark such originality and power that his observations might serve as texts which require volumes for their development.

* Published 1823. There is some confusion of dates here, as the journey from Russia through Sweden is elsewhere fixed for 1819.

* Memoir, p. 8.

† Jeremy Bentham's *Life and Works*, 11 vols., 1843.

Nothing very new or striking appears in the examples given in this volume in the "Notes of Conversations with Bentham" (pp. 339, 344). The following anecdote is curious, as, for the first time, if we are rightly informed, it reveals to us George III. in the character of a newspaper correspondent:—

George III. hated me (Bentham) cordially. With Pitt I was on terms, but the malevolence of the former frustrated the intentions of the latter towards me, and prevented the fulfilment even of the most solemn contracts. The origin of the king's hatred was this. He had written in the *Leyden Courant* (the then European journal) a dull and prosing but most mischievous letter to induce the king of Denmark to make war upon Russia without any motive whatever. The only ground—the fallacy—was the repetition of the idea, "Check, check, check." I answered the letter in the indignant strain which Junius had made so popular. I poured upon it a storm* of contempt. I signed "Anti-Machiavel." The king discovered that I was the writer, and ever after put his veto upon everything I proposed; so that, in spite of acts of Parliament, in spite of the protection and the warm encouragement of several ministers, I was always sacrificed (p. 342).

Benthamite poetry is new to us, and we doubt not to our readers. It seems, however, that Bentham, though he always spoke slightly, and even insultingly, of poetry, occasionally made verses. The following "memoriter verses, expressive of the elements or dimensions of value in pleasures and pains," are a specimen of the great utilitarian's poetic powers:—

Intense, long, certain, speedy, fruitful, pure,
Such points in pleasures and in pains endure.
Such pleasures seek, if private be they end;
If it be public, wide let them extend.
Such pains avoid, whichever be thy view;
If pains must come, let them extend to few.

We confess this specimen does not make us wish for more of the outpourings of the muse of Queen Square Place.

The following *dicta* are characteristic of the man:—

It would be a good service to publish an edition of the speeches delivered in Parliament, with a statement at the foot of each of the particular fallacy employed for the purposes of deception. People would soon learn to apply this mode of judgment. Bingham† is heartily tired of the law and of its cheater. More credit is obtained for defending a bad cause than a good one. Rhetoric and delusion

are the only currency. The great value of our English law records consists in their proposing almost every possible case which can be the object of legal decision. The cases have wonderful variety. The decisions are often unjust, absurd, and deceptive.

This also is characteristic, and we must add characteristically narrow and absurd: "The worst of pickpockets is better than the least bad of the judges. They never open their mouths but to lie, to tell money getting lies" (pp. 342, 343). Bentham, it is well known, paid no visits, and usually received but one guest at dinner, for more than one, he said, distracted conversation. To this rule he once made a noteworthy exception. Talleyrand and Bentham had been acquaintances in the earlier period of the French Revolution. So great was the impression made by the philosopher on the diplomatist, that after forty years' separation Talleyrand said "he had known many men, but as a *man of genius* Bentham overtopped them all." Bowring related this to Bentham, who asked whether the prince would accept a dinner invitation to Queen Square Place. "Talleyrand said he would give up any and every engagement for the pleasure of meeting his ancient acquaintance. They met, and an amusing and instructive colloquy took place between one of the busiest actors in the great scenes of the world, and the almost inaccessible recluse whose life was given up to meditation and study" (p. 305).

Not the least interesting of these "Recollections" is the description of the relations between Bentham and Brougham.

O Henry, what a mystery you are!
Nil fuit unquam tibi tam impar,

was the language in which the great thinker once addressed the great speaker. With equal plainness of speech he said to him on another occasion, "Harry, when you want to study insincerity, stand opposite a looking-glass." After Bentham's death Bowring found the following lines in his writing,—

Frailty! thy name is woman.
Insincerity! thy name is Brougham.

Spite of this unfavorable estimate of Brougham's sincerity, Bentham felt for him both admiration and affection. Brougham on his part sought advice and inspiration from Bentham in reference to his speeches and proposals for law reform. "Grandpapa," he wrote to him on one occasion, "I want some pap; I will come for it at your dinner hour." Nevertheless

* Correctly quoted, but we should think *stream* in the original.

† See in original, but we conceive Brougham is intended.

in no one of Brougham's speeches or writings on the improvement of the law did he ever refer to Bentham either in his lifetime or after his death. Nor in Brougham's autobiography is there any mention of his intimacy with Bentham. Sir Robert Peel also was more than once seen by Bowring in the garden at Queen Square Place discussing with Bentham questions of law reform, but Sir Robert was as reticent as Brougham as to any obligation or inspiration he owed to Bentham. Bowring agrees in the general verdict that Brougham was both vain and insincere. Of his insincerity he discovered a proof in a letter of Brougham to Bentham, found among Bentham's papers after his death, in which he cautioned Bentham against Bowring as a man by no means to be trusted, and no better than a tool of the Tories; and this letter was written at a time when Brougham assured Bowring he was exerting himself to secure for him a professorship in the University of London. Bentham's whims as to the disposal of his remains after death seem to have been various. At one time he was full of the notion of having his head preserved in the style of the New Zealanders, and sent to a physician to consult him about it. Ultimately, as is well known, he left his body to Dr. Southwood Smith to be dissected. His skeleton in his usual clothes, and with the face restored in wax, remained in the custody of Dr. Southwood Smith until his death, when Brougham, who had not the slightest title to dispose of it, presented it to London University College, where it now remains.

Soon after Bowring's intimacy with Bentham commenced the *Westminster Review* appeared. The funds were furnished by Bentham, the editors being Henry Southern, who had charge of the literary department, while the political was committed to Bowring's care.

The first article in the first number, entitled "Men and Things in 1824," was written by William Johnson Fox, "the Norwich Weaver Boy, afterwards one of the orators of the Anti-Corn-Law League," the "Publicola" of the *Weekly Despatch*, and M.P. for Oldham.*

About the time of Bentham's death, the proprietorship of the review passed to General Perronet Thompson, the author of the "Anti-Corn-Law Catechism." We have on a former occasion briefly expressed our opinion of the character and

public services of this excellent man,* and we have read with pleasure Bowring's sketch of him (p. 70). Its tone is admirable, and is characteristic of the writer's amiable nature, for it was not written until after Thompson had renounced all acquaintance with him on account of his conduct in the affair of the *lorcha* "Arrow." "Thompson," says Bowring, "became one of the most efficient auxiliaries of the Anti-Corn Law League, which, I think, somewhat under-estimated the value of his services and sacrifices."

In this opinion, which we know was held by General Thompson himself, we cordially agree, and we must add that the same may with equal truth be said of Bowring himself.†

The year 1828 first saw Bowring employed in the public service. Notwithstanding the Duke of Wellington's refusal to employ him in England, he was sent to Holland to examine the method in which the public accounts of that country were kept. He prepared a report, "the first," says his biographer, "of a long series on the public accounts of various European States. These papers are models of perspicuity, showing considerable power in grasping facts and in arranging them lucidly and intelligibly."‡ Bowring's name was not unknown in Holland, for he had published a volume of translations from the Dutch poets,§ and received for it a gold medal from the king. He made the acquaintance of most of the Dutch literary men, and it was from a Dutch university that he received, *honoris causa*, the diploma of LL.D. "In addition to this diploma, he received during his life more than thirty certificates of honorary distinction from various learned societies and institutions in different parts of Europe."|| Nor were these literary honors confined to Europe alone, as the list of these distinctions in the appendix to this volume includes the American Antiquarian Society and the New York Historical Society. Last in the list appears a body to the admission of which into the class of learned societies we demur. It is the "Ancient Order of Foresters." We suspect Sir John Bowring sought admission into that respectable friendly society with a view to the vote of its members at the Exeter election, in which, at the date

* *Vide Westminster Review*, July 1866, Art. "Lord Macaulay," notes.

† See Ashworth's "Cobden and the League," where slight mention is made either of Bowring or Thompson.

‡ Memoir, p. 9.

§ Batavian Anthology, p. 1,824.

|| Memoir, p. 9, and Appendix, p. 404.

* The *Theological Review*, No. 14, July 1866, contains a full and interesting sketch by Sir John Bowring of Fox, his life and writings.

of his admission (1867), he had special reason for feeling an interest. Prior even to the passing of the first Reform Act, Dr. Bowring, as after 1829 he was generally called, determined to seek a seat in Parliament. Under the head of "Election Experiences" (p. 79) he writes:—

I was inquiring into my chances of return for Penryn.* My maternal grandfather was a minister of the Church of England in that part of Cornwall, and I learned that his name was very popular among the people. Both he and his wife died victims of their attention to the poor during a desolating epidemic. An old man came to me on behalf of the Wesleyan Methodists, and told me it was reported that I did not believe in the Trinity, and therefore I must pay double for their votes. They fancied, no doubt, that they ran some additional risk to their souls' salvation, and were therefore entitled to get some premium for the perils they incurred.

Another instance of religious fanaticism, mixed up with electioneering contests, is given by Dr. Bowring in the shape of a letter from a voter in a Scotch constituency, in which the writer, without regard to the consistency of his words, said, "We will have a religious man to represent us, even if we go to hell to find him." There is some doubt as to the constituency where the corrupt Trinitarian lived. General Thompson, who often related the anecdote, which he had heard from Dr. Bowring at the time of the occurrence, used to lay the scene at Blackburn. These "Election Experiences" were not written until 1861; and it is not unlikely that, writing at the distance of thirty most chequered years from the event, Bowring confused one constituency with the other. "In Cornwall," writes Dr. Bowring, "the deadening influence of the rotten borough system was such that it was impossible to secure a moment's attention from any auditory." We may add, that one who accompanied Dr. Bowring on his visit to Penryn, told us that during the doctor's address the people present kept shaking and slapping their pockets, thereby signifying to the aspirant for the honor of representing them it was to that region, and not to their reason or conscience, that his arguments should be addressed.

Blackburn, whether or not it was the home of orthodox corruption, was the constituency first contested by Dr. Bowring.

He was received by the people with acclamation, but at the poll was defeated by twelve votes. His defeat led him to resume the negotiations in France and Belgium of which we have spoken. About this time he published "Bentham's Deontology," and a smaller work entitled "Minor Morals," in which Bentham's principles were set forth in conversational tales suitable for young persons.

At the general election of 1835 he was again defeated at Blackburn, but within a few days he was returned for Kilmarnock by an immense majority. His return was entirely owing to his political reputation, as he had no personal acquaintance in the constituency, and had never been but in one of its districts, and that not as a public man. His heterodox faith and liberal votes on Catholic and Sabbatarian questions were not suited to a Scottish constituency, and at the general election of 1837 he failed to secure his re-election. He was returned for Bolton at the general elections of 1841 and 1847, and finally retired from Parliament in 1849.

Although not an infrequent speaker, he cannot be said to have gained the ear of the House, and his Parliamentary career was not so brilliant, or even successful, as with his undoubted ability and multifarious acquirements might have been expected. Although a fluent speaker—never, indeed, pausing for a word—his voice was monotonous, his manner too didactic or professorial. He had a habit, while speaking, of raising himself on the tips of his feet and letting himself down with some violence. This was done so often during a speech as to become ludicrous. Moreover, his arguments—and the remark holds good of all the Bentham school—were always appeals to abstract *a priori* principles, and therefore not suited to popular assemblies. For the same reason, although a frequent he was not a popular speaker at the meetings of the Anti-Corn-Law League. The arrangers of these remarkable gatherings generally contrived that his address should come between those of two more attractive speakers, fearing that if he spoke first or last, he would fail to keep the meeting together.* In a sketch of Sir Robert Peel as a speaker, reference is made to the enjoyment which he experienced in replying to speakers who laid themselves open to fair retort, *e.g.*, "some philosopher who wanders out of the ordinary track, and draws

* It is Penzance in the original, but Mr. Bowring, a west-countryman, should have known that the most western borough in England has never sent a member to Parliament.

* Ashworth's "Cobden and the League" does not contain a single extract from Dr. Bowring's League speeches.

arguments for annual Parliaments from the annual revolution of the earth." Dr. Bowring was the philosopher here referred to, having on one occasion used this argument in debate. Both while in Parliament and during his exclusion from it, he continued his labors in promoting the freedom of commercial intercourse between European nations. For this purpose he visited the manufacturing districts of Switzerland, regarding which he writes: "By a system of free trade Switzerland has overcome every natural difficulty, and created for herself a real superiority over the protected manufactures of all the surrounding nations."*

In 1836, and again in 1837, he visited Italy on a free-trade mission from the British government. In Tuscany he had repeated interviews with the grand duke, with whom he visited the southern provinces of the then duchy. The duke he describes as disposed to listen to suggestions for improvements, but on economical subjects he was utterly in the dark.

"Railways," writes Bowring, "were then beginning to supersede less convenient and rapid modes of communication, but the grand duke expressed his apprehension that their introduction might interfere with the interests of his '*poveri vetturini*'" (p. 161.) The pope (Gregory XVI.) was quite as much in the dark on such subjects. When told by Bowring the object of his mission, his Holiness remarked that England must not raise her commercial prosperity on the ruin of other nations, and that she should not absorb the trade of the whole world. "I answered," writes Bowring, "that she could only trade as much with others as others would trade with her, and that trade was but the interchange of common interests, all nations having the same interest when rightly understood. He said that trade was a circle in which there was a great centre" (p. 174).

We fear Bowring's mission to Italy was barren of immediate results.

In 1837 he visited Egypt and Syria. The account of his visit to these countries, and his sketch of Mehemet Ali, are amongst the most interesting of his "Recollections," and will well repay perusal. We regret we cannot afford space for extracts from them.

In 1839 Bowring was sent by the British government on another free-trade mission. This was to the meeting of the Zollverein at Berlin. The experience gained

by these various missions led him to the conclusion "that Great Britain was ill fitted to be a teacher when a restrictive and prohibitory system formed the foundation of her commercial code." Bowring could easily refute the theoretical arguments of German protectionists, but he could not "gainsay the fact that our own tariffs, and especially those which most interested northern Germany, by which the import of corn was placed under severe and repelling restrictions, were altogether hostile to free-trade principles." He therefore returned to London, and told the premier, Lord Melbourne, that if he would have more trade with Germany, he must first abolish the corn-laws. The minister, with one of his usual oaths, exclaimed that Bowring was "only fit for Bedlam" (p. 207). Events were at hand that proved which was the saner of the two statesmen.

In the September of 1839 Dr. Bowring was entertained at a public dinner at Blackburn. The late Archbishop Prentice, whose paper, the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, was one of the earliest journals to advocate free trade, and in which Richard Cobden, under the signature "Libra," first gave to the world his views on political economy, seized the occasion of Dr. Bowring's passage through Manchester to issue circulars to a number of the more decided local free-traders to meet him. About sixty gentlemen met together, and the meeting was very enthusiastic. Dr. Bowring denounced the corn-laws in unmeasured terms. "It is impossible," said he, "to estimate the amount of human misery created by the corn-laws, or the amount of human pleasure overthrown by them. In every part of the world I have found the plague spot." In the course of the evening, when the enthusiasm of the meeting had been thoroughly evoked, a Mr. Howie proposed "that the present company at once form themselves into an anti-corn-law association." The proposal was unanimously and heartily adopted. Such was the origin of the National Anti-Corn-Law League, the most remarkable political organization this country has seen. Of the very considerable part which Dr. Bowring took in the counsels and labors of this body, his "Recollections" contain no account, but he has left on record his testimony to the character and services of its great leader, which we gladly transcribe. It is another proof of Dr. Bowring's amiable disposition, for it was written after Mr. Cobden had proposed and carried the resolution of the House of Commons which censured Bow-

* Memoir, p. 17.

ring's proceedings in the case of the "Arrow."

Cobden's name has obtained far too much celebrity, and his history is too well known, to sanction any observations of mine upon either. I deem him to be one of the most privileged, as he deserves to be one of the most honored, of his race. No man has ever been called on to exercise more important functions, and no man's exertions have been more successful in their issue, or more unpretending in their display. No doubt he has been rewarded by proofs of the most general sympathy. Those were indeed for him proud moments when the *Times* announced the existence of the Anti-Corn-Law League as a great fact, and when Peel avowed that Cobden was the apostle who had converted him from the error of his ways in the field of political economy. Cobden has been tried by heavy domestic sorrow in the loss of his only son, an affliction far more hard to endure than the endless vituperations of which he has been the object. His strength has always been found in his advocacy of sound principles to be carried out in their full extension. No surrender of a truth, no compromise with an error; yet he has always been willing to take reasonable instalments towards the payment of a just debt; he has never sacrificed an obtainable good in the pursuit of an unapproachable better; but has felt that every step forward is progress, leaving less to be done than if that step had not been taken. This is practical philosophy and sound wisdom; it is a disarming of the enemy to employ against him the weapons he has surrendered. Then, again, there has been on Cobden's part no jealousy or distrust of fellow-laborers — on the contrary, they have been most cordially welcomed to co-operate (p. 300).

We can supply a very apt illustration of this absence of jealousy on Cobden's part towards his fellow-laborers, namely, his testimony to the anti-corn-law services and sacrifices of General Perronet Thompson, which shows that Cobden, at least, among the leaguers, did not under-estimate them.* At the final meeting of the league in 1856, Mr. Cobden, after mentioning that on entering on his career he found mighty impediments removed by the labors of others, proceeded: "There is one man especially whom I wish not to forget — it is Colonel Thompson. (Hear, hear.) Colonel Thompson has made larger pecuniary sacrifices for free trade than any man living, and we all know that his contributions in an intellectual point of view have been invaluable to us. We will not, therefore, forget the worthy colonel amidst our congratulations amongst each other."†

* Comp. Recollections, p. 72.

† Ashworth's "Recollections of Cobden and the League," p. 320.

In Bowring's childhood he dreamed that he was sent by the king of England as ambassador to China. Strangely enough in after life this dream, as Macaulay says of Laud's dream that he had turned Papist, proved to have come "through the gate of horn." He had invested all his means in a Welsh iron company. The commercial panic of 1847 so seriously affected the position and prospects of this adventure, that he determined to seek permanent employment under government. At the close of 1848 he was appointed by Lord Palmerston British consul at Canton. The next nine years of his life were spent in the East. "I was accredited," he writes, "not to Peking alone, but to Japan, Siam, Cochin China, and Corea; I believe to a greater number of human beings — indeed not less than a third of the race of man — than any individual had been accredited to before" (p. 217). Bowring thought — why it does not appear — that his dignity and position in the estimation of the Chinese would be enhanced if he had a personal interview with the queen before his departure, but was told by Lord Palmerston "that there was a general rule, through which he could not break, that no persons under the rank of ministers plenipotentiary should have special audiences, and that the queen was unwilling to have her privacy at Osborne disturbed" (p. 280).

The first five years of his Eastern life seem not to have been pleasant.

Cooped up [writes his biographer] in the prison-house of the Canton factories, far removed from the political and literary world, and restricted to the dull routine of purely consular duties, he realized in all its sadness the truth of the poet's saying, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," and found his position almost unendurable. He mixed much with the people, however, and gave in his letters curious and interesting details of their religious and social life, their occupations and amusements, their usages and their superstitions.*

It is to be regretted that none of these letters are given in this volume. In fact, one of the noteworthy omissions in the book is the total absence of letters to or from Bowring, which, as he must have had a large correspondence, is remarkable.

From his age and experience, says his biographer, and we should add from mental constitution and habit, the new consul was not well fitted to serve in a subordinate capacity, and the consul and the pleni-

* Memoir, p. 30.

potentiary (Sir George Bonham) did not always agree as to the line of policy to be taken with the Chinese. In 1853, however, Sir George Bonham retired, and Dr. Bowring, who was in England on a year's leave of absence, was appointed to succeed him as plenipotentiary and governor-general of Hong-Kong; he was knighted by the queen before his departure for the seat of his government.

"My career in China," writes Sir John, "belongs so much to history that I do not feel it needful to record its vicissitudes. I have been severely blamed for the policy I pursued, yet that policy has been most beneficial to my country and to mankind at large" (p. 217).

We have not space or inclination to go into the details of the controversy as to his Chinese policy, but we will state the resolution of the House of Commons in the case of the *lorcha* "Arrow," that our readers may judge whether Sir John Bowring's remarks, which we shall presently quote, are an answer to it. His former associates thought that his proceedings in that case showed a decided preference for the "arm of flesh," little to be expected in one who had been taught to regard "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" as the one principle of government, who had felt strong sympathy for St. Simonianism on account of its peaceful tendencies, and who had been secretary of the Peace Society. Mr. Cobden determined to bring the matter before Parliament. He accordingly moved the following resolution, which had been drawn up by Mr. Milner Gibson,* who is a perfect master of the art of framing Parliamentary resolutions:—

That this House has heard with concern of the conflicts which have occurred between the British and Chinese authorities in the Canton river, and without expressing an opinion as to the extent to which the government of China may have afforded this country cause of complaint respecting the non-fulfilment of the treaty of 1842, this House considers that the papers which have been laid upon the table fail to establish satisfactory grounds for the violent measures resorted to at Canton in the late affair of the "Arrow," and that a select committee be appointed to inquire into the state of our commercial relations with China.

In his speech Mr. Cobden said that, without going too definitely into what we had actually done, he contented himself with inquiring, would we have done what we had done if we had been dealing with

a strong power, and not a weak one? He contrasted the conduct of the British authorities at Hong-Kong with that which we would have pursued had the government we dealt with been at Washington, and the transaction had taken place at Charleston. He was supported in debate by Lord J. Russell, Sir E. B. Lytton, Mr. Warren, Mr. Whiteside, Sir James Graham, Dr. Phillimore, Sir Frederick Thesiger, Sidney Herbert, Sir Roundell Palmer, Mr. Henley, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli. In fact "the whole character and oratorical power of the House, save what was possessed by ministerialist office-holders and office-seekers, ranged themselves under Cobden's leadership. He carried his motion by a majority of sixteen."*

Sir John Bowring defends himself by saying:—

It is not fair or just to suppose that a course of action which may be practicable or prudent at home will always succeed abroad. You can no more apply exactly the same discipline or the same character of reward and punishment to masses of men than you can apply them to individuals. The powers of reason fail when coming in contact with the unreasoning and unconvincible. No man was a more ardent lover of peace than I; in fact, I had been the secretary of the Peace Society, and had always taken an active part in promoting the peace movement; but with barbarous, ay, and sometimes with civilized nations, the words of peace are uttered in vain, as with children too often the voice of reproof (p. 217).

To us it appears that this is no answer to the reasoning by which Mr. Cobden guided the House of Commons to adopt his resolution, and it reads like an admission by Sir John that the theories of the humanitarians, of whom he was a leader, fail when sought to be put in action in the affairs of life. The object he had in view, to secure the admission of foreigners into Canton, was no doubt important, and the quarrel he considered as a means to that end; but we concur with his biographer "that it is a subject of regret that a better cause of quarrel was not found than the 'Arrow' affair."

It would be absurd and unjust to condemn the whole Chinese career of Sir John Bowring for this one error. We gladly turn to its brighter side.

I look back with complacency [he writes] on my government of Hong-Kong, which I held for five years, and on surrendering the

* On the authority of Mr. Cobden.

* M'Gilchrist's "Life of Cobden," p. 206.

post received the thanks of the Conservative ministers of the colonies. I had during my tenure of office the pleasure of seeing the population nearly trebled, and the shipping trade increased nearly cent. per cent. I not only made the revenue, in which there had been a great deficit, equal the expenditure, but I left a large balance in the treasury chest. I carried out the principles of free trade to their fullest possible extent, and did not impose even a harbor due to pay the expenses of the service. Vessels came from every quarter and from every nation. They entered, they departed, and no official interfered, except to record whence they came or whither they went. The tonnage increased from three hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand tons of square-rigged vessels, to say nothing of the large native junk trade. The harbor (one of the finest in the world, having an extent of safe anchorage exceeding five miles) is always crowded with shipping, more than a hundred vessels being ordinarily in port, in addition to the steamers, frequently as many as twenty, and the ships of war of all the great maritime powers. An enterprising individual made docks equal, if not superior, to any east of the Cape, and there is no element of prosperity and progress which has not been wonderfully developed.

The revenues are furnished by the ground-rent of houses, the opium monopoly, the judicial fees, etc., but there is no direct taxation. The value of land has increased rapidly, and indeed land is the main source of income. On my recommendation the legislative council had an infusion of many non-official persons, but I am not sure that the colony was ripe for this sort of representation, and I think that more might have been done by the executive without the popular element (pp. 218, 219).

This disparagement of popular representation shows how far at the close of his life he had departed from the Benthamism of his earlier years.

His Chinese administration was likewise distinguished by successfully negotiating in 1855 an "Anglo-Siamese Treaty of Commerce" which has brought most beneficial fruits. "The number of vessels engaged in foreign trade has been centupled, the sides of the Meiam are crowded with docks, the productive powers of the land have increased, and with them the natural augmentation of property and the rise of wages" (p. 250).

In 1857 an attempt was made to poison the English residents in Hong-Kong through the bread eaten by them. Every member of the governor's family was more or less affected by the poison, and Lady Bowring's health failed in consequence of it. She was compelled to return to England, where she died soon after her arrival. War broke out again between China

and England, and the mandarins set a price on Sir John Bowring's head. Domestic and diplomatic troubles increased, local squabbles disturbed the peace of Hong-Kong; and at length, "nearly worn out by incessant care and anxiety," in May 1859 he resigned his office and finally quitted China. On his homeward voyage he was shipwrecked in the Red Sea, but in the end reached England safely. Shortly after his return he married Deborah, daughter of the late Thomas Castle of Clifton, the lady like himself being a devoted Unitarian. "His second union," writes his son, "contributed much to the comfort and serenity which attended his latter days."

The last twelve years of his life were spent in varied occupation. He was precluded by the terms on which he held his pension from re-entering Parliament, but had the satisfaction of seeing one of his sons elected for his native city by the enlarged constituency of 1868. The same pleasure was enjoyed at the same time by another ex-editor of a review, Sir John Taylor Coleridge; the ex-editor of the Tory *Quarterly* and the ex-editor of the Radical *Westminster* co-operating to promote the return of Sir John Duke Coleridge and Mr. Bowring as Liberal members for the capital of the west.

"A political Rip van Winkle" was the term bestowed on Sir John Bowring by the *Times*, because, after re-settling in Exeter, he made his first public appearance before his fellow-citizens at the Exeter Discussion Society, and delivered a lecture on the ballot, of which, in common with Bentham, James Mill, Perronet Thompson, W. J. Fox, George Grote, J. A. Roebuck, and most of the old "philosophical reformers," as well as the more modern leaders of the Manchester school, he was an unflinching supporter, and which he lived to see carried spite of the sneers and opposition of the *Times*. He repeatedly gave lectures on Oriental subjects and social questions, he wrote many articles in periodicals, and much fugitive poetry. The Devonshire Association, the British Association and the Social Association had much of his assistance and labor. But the association to which he gave most time and aid was the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. He remained to the last, as has been said, a decided Unitarian; but his contact with the ancient religions of the East led him to the conviction "that it were well if Christians would recollect that there never was a religion exercising any influence among thoughtful and philosophical men which had not in it some element

of truth and consequently of stability" (p. 386).

The last year of his life (1872) saw him with mental and bodily powers alike weakened. At the meeting of the British Association at Brighton that year he delivered an eloquent and effective speech at the sudden call of the president of the Geographical Section, welcoming to this country the ambassadors from Japan. At the Social Science Congress held at Plymouth within two months of his death he was particularly active, speaking at length two or three times a day, and addressing a temperance meeting of three thousand persons "with all the energy of a young man." Shortly after celebrating his eighty-third birthday he was seized with illness which speedily proved fatal, and, after all the changes of fortune and of country he had experienced, he died within a stone's throw of the home where he was born.

With such great ability and such varied acquirements, he hardly obtained so high a position as might have been expected. He was a voluminous writer; "ever too rash to rush into literature" is his description of himself. He published, he says, between forty and fifty volumes, in every case, we are glad to learn, with some pecuniary profit; but we do not think he has written anything which will permanently take a high place in English literature. His "Life and Works of Bentham" will always be consulted by legal and political students, but probably he will be longest and most generally remembered by his hymns, many of which are to be found in the various collections used by Unitarian churches. Of his Parliamentary career we have already spoken. He was a free-trader before Cobden was known, but it is Cobden who always is and will be considered the hero and apostle of free trade. Bowring's labors were too discursive, and his powers as a popular orator too feeble, to compete with a man whose principle was, "This one thing I do," and whose eloquence was only the more effective because it was simple and unadorned. Still Bowring did much and well for his country and the world, and we think that such a public servant as he was should not be left without some public memorial of his many labors and his useful life. His bust might well be placed side by side with Cobden's in the great Abbey which holds the memorials of so many of our statesmen; or, if he be thought unworthy of that high honor, the men of Devon are restoring the noble cathedral which looks over the valley of the Exe, beneath the

shadow of whose massive towers Bowring was born and died; in that great historic fane some fitting memorial might well be placed to preserve to future generations the name, the character, and the services of one who may fairly claim to rank among the "worthies of Devon."

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DISPUTE.

DORIS walked quickly back to the Hall. Certainly she had never been so angry since the days of her childhood.

In some ways her nature was too large to wince under Rose's personal taunts, as a more sensitive, more delicately-strung temperament might have winced. She had made up her mind that Rose would be vexed, and probably would vent her vexation by pertness and rudeness, though she had not known how stinging this rudeness would prove. The point that so angered her was Rose's flat disobedience to her will. One of her own villagers! A mere dependant on her husband's goodness!—for she knew that Mr. Burneston took no rent for the stone cottages. It seemed to Doris in her indignation that her slightest wish should have been law to the vain, rebellious girl.

But, with the evidence of anger, grew a consciousness that she was angry, and Doris yielded herself up, and tried not to think, not to make any resolves till the mental storm had passed over.

"What a temper mine is!" she said to herself, as she drew near the Hall. "I did not think it was so strong."

A regret, a rare feeling with Doris, rose and troubled the lull which was slowly falling on her anger. If she had put in practice towards Rose some of the lessons of worldly wisdom, learned in her close study of others during her stay in London, and in intercourse with country neighbors, she would not have failed so entirely to-day.

"That girl is so wretchedly vain," she thought, "that if I had forced myself to notice and call on her sometimes she would have yielded to my influence, and I might have done what I pleased with her now." She remembered again, with some

bitterness, that her husband had said, in the early days of their marriage, "If you choose, you may be of the greatest possible service to Rose Duncombe."

But besides all this, there was something quite different; there was a weight, and beneath that weight a soreness at Doris's heart. It was galling to feel in herself a want, and to feel, too, that one so completely her inferior as Rose Duncombe possessed the quality she lacked. What was it that glowed in Rose's eyes, and trembled in her voice, when she spoke of giving up all for the happiness of another?

If Doris had been older, she might have consoled herself with the conviction that her passions were more under control than Rose's were, and that she would never so betray her feelings. But, as has been said, Doris had read few novels, and at school had never talked intimately with any girl besides Rica Masham. And, moreover, forty years ago novels painted life more from the outside than from the inside, and were, in consequence, healthier, though less instructive, than they are now, when, in some of the books we read, human hearts are put under a microscope, and treated like plants and insects.

Besides the look on Rose's face, her words had conveyed the knowledge of a feeling—a knowledge that some months ago might not have aroused attention, but love had begun in Doris's heart beside her baby's cradle, that only true love which is content to give itself without counting on return.

She walked along, her eyes fixed on the ground, her trouble and puzzle getting more tangled and increasing the soreness she felt. Could she then be more happy than she was? She knew that her life had its troubles; but these had been caused partly by the fact of Ralph's existence—a trouble which she never let herself dwell on—and by the avoidance and petty slights offered her by certain country neighbors; and this was a trouble which only curled her lip with scorn, so confident was she in the ultimate triumph of her influence, when what she considered her worldly education should be complete.

All at once she looked up, and saw her husband coming with his dogs along the avenue.

Even at a distance she knew that he had perceived her, and was hurrying eagerly to meet her.

"Yes," she said sorrowfully, "I suppose his love for me is more like Rose's. Why cannot I return it equally? But,

then, I am not sure that women need, or ought, to love in that way. I am sure I could never like any one better than I like Philip, and I have baby."

And yet, instead of the feeling of exquisite relief—the feeling akin to that which a draught of cold water gives to parching thirst—when a perplexing doubt is solved, or a light thrown on some difficult undertaking, this answer did not satisfy Doris; the soreness at her heart increased as she approached her husband. Would it have been different, she thought, if she had been Mr. Burneston's equal, and they had met and loved when he was younger, and if his wooing had been done in less set fashion? Next moment she rebuked her own idle folly.

"It is against common sense to dream of what could never have happened. The only thing that could have happened differently would have been that I might have grown up at Church Farm and married—well, say Ephraim Crewe"—she gave a shudder of disgust—"no." A proud and more contented expression rose on her face. "For all the joy that the feeling could give, I would not give up my position for any power of loving; and Philip is quite satisfied, I think. I am not sure that he would wish for any change in me."

Her husband had come up to her; she stopped and smiled at him.

"Where have you been, darling?" He took her hand, drew it tenderly within his arm, and then turned back again towards the Hall. "I have been studying your face as you came along, and you really looked oppressed with care and woe. I don't think I ever saw you look so troubled before, my darling. What is it? tell me, Doris."

The strong loving tenderness in his voice troubled her; and in this moment of awakened self-consciousness, she knew that she shrank from it as she had never shrank before; not because she disliked it—she felt it to be due to her as a wife; but her natural pride made her shrink from receiving that which she could not return, and Doris could not feign.

It was a relief that she had a real reason to give for her troubled face. The idea of a state of perfect union and thorough interchange of thought and feeling had not been conceived by Doris. She would have shrunk indignantly from deceit; but thorough confidence with her husband was quite beyond her grasp.

She grew very serious while she answered.

"I was coming to tell you, Philip. I had hoped" — she looked up at him with the direct, truthful look that had so mastered him when he met her in Steersdale — "that I might have saved you the worry of knowing; but as I have failed, it seems to me best to tell you and leave you to judge."

Mr. Burneston smiled at her earnestness, and Doris flushed. She felt that if he did not consider Ralph very wrong indeed she should be angry.

"I have been in the village," she spoke more quickly than usual, "I have been up to see and to warn Rose Duncombe, who has been very foolish. I have been told that something very wrong has been happening, Ralph goes and talks to her of an evening, and I did not want you to be worried about it."

Mr. Burneston looked puzzled, and then he smiled.

"You are a wonderful creature," he said. But Doris reddened; she was not quite sure how much of his praise was real or how much a playful mockery of her earnestness, for this gentle banter was the only reproof her husband ever administered. "You are playing mother in earnest; it is very good of you, and very tiresome of Ralph, my darling," he said more seriously, as he read the trouble in her eyes. "Well, how was your lecture received, and what does naughty, pretty Rose say for herself?"

"She is very headstrong, and she behaved as badly as possible, and —" She felt that her tongue was going at a most unusual pace, and checked herself.

"She is a silly little girl," Mr. Burneston said cheerfully. "However, there can be no great harm done, I fancy. A girl at Rose's age is far too old to care for Ralph, and I suppose boys will be boys, eh, Doris? and talk to a pretty girl sometimes."

"I can't bear to see you so cool about it, Philip," she said bluntly, for he had begun to whistle softly to himself. "I call such a thing disgraceful. I'm sure Rose thinks a great deal too much about him."

"Indeed! Poor little girl; that's a pity." The squire looked serious, and left off whistling. Doris had never spoken to him in such a decided tone; he felt roused from his easy life of happiness to consider this subject more gravely.

"Ralph is dull, poor fellow!" he said; "and I dare say Rose is amusing to talk to. Your brother George found her so, I know." Then another pleasant smile

crossed his face. "Perhaps it vexes you, dear, that Ralph should talk to George's sweetheart?"

Doris's anger was getting beyond her mastery.

"I have never spoken to you about this," she said proudly, "because it pains me so much. I cannot — I will not — believe that George really cares for such a person as Rose Duncombe. No! if I did not think of the harm to Ralph I should let this acquaintance go on; it might cure George of such a silly infatuation, and then he would have eyes for Rica."

The sudden change in her husband's face startled Doris. He looked utterly bewildered.

"My dear child," he said, "you talk as if love went for nothing, or as if it could be made to grow like a cabbage. If your brother loves Rose, and I think he does, he won't give her up lightly. And I don't mean to vex you, darling, but Rose will suit George much better than Miss Masham would."

Doris crimsoned till she felt almost suffocated. They were close to the Hall now, and she stood still before she answered.

"I understand you; you mean that I forget the difference of their positions; perhaps that is not my fault," she said in a pained, humbled voice. "There is far less difference between George and Rica than there was between you and me."

It was the first time she had so spoken, and Mr. Burneston grew as rosy as a girl would have done.

"My dear child, you must not compare yourself with any one, you are beyond all rules." Doris thought she had never heard him speak with so much dignity. "If Rose Duncombe were like you, I should hold Ralph completely justified; as it is, you are right, and I will put a stop to this business."

Then they walked on in silence. Doris wished that as she had said so much she had said a few other things which often rose to her lips, while her husband wished the whole talk unspoken, and tried to forget that his wife had lost her temper with him.

They did not meet again till just before dinner. Then Mr. Burneston, instead of meeting Doris, as he usually did, at the door of her dressing-room, knocked and went in.

"I'll talk to Ralph, and settle this business," he said smiling, "so do not expect to see me for some time after dinner." His easy, cheerful manner vexed Doris.

"But you will speak seriously to him,

"will you not?"—her voice getting stiff and hard with the struggle of her feelings—"I do not know much about boys, perhaps, but this conduct seems to me, at Ralph's age, simply disgraceful."

Mr. Burneston laughed.

"My darling, you are making too much of it. You are only a woman after all—you see things in exaggeration; there's really nothing to worry about."

"Worry!" Doris had flushed scarlet. "To me disgrace would cause a great deal more than worry. You know, you must know, that Ralph's visits to Rose Duncombe will do her harm. Why, if a child of mine acted so, I should punish him severely. I should threaten to disinherit him——"

She stopped abruptly; the words had come without her will.

He looked at her a moment; then he put his arm round her and kissed her forehead.

"You are tired, dear," he said, "and you want your dinner. Don't you know that I couldn't disinherit Ralph, even if I wished to do it? I am only a life tenant here; he must be master of Burneston. Now, come along, we are keeping dinner."

This was Mr. Burneston's way of "settling the business" after dinner, when he and Ralph were left alone.

"Do you still wish to go to Paris as much as you did last year, old fellow?" he said kindly.

Ralph's eyes brightened at once.

"I should just think I did. Why do you ask?" he said eagerly.

"I fancy Gilbert Raine is going abroad for a short time, and if you like you can go with him; that is to say, if you are willing to start for Austin's End to-morrow."

Ralph had flushed with eagerness. His two special school chums had seen Paris and many other foreign towns, and he felt himself an ignoramus beside them. One of his great home grievances was that his father had taken Doris abroad, and that he had never been asked to go with him in his previous journeys.

"All right, father; thank you," he said. "I'll go and find Faith, and tell her to have my things put up. The coach leaves Steersley at ten, doesn't it?"

He ran off in an excited bustle, while Mr. Burneston lay back in his chair and thought, "That will settle the matter; how very true is the old proverb, 'Least said soonest mended.'"

CHAPTER XXIX.

RICA MASHAM.

IT had rained heavily all night, so heavily that from the windows of Burneston Hall that looked across the river, the landscape had a forlorn, soaked aspect; the leaves drooped, the roses near the house had been scattered in pink fragments on the brown moist earth by the violent pelting of so many hours. But the sun was now asserting himself, and driving the lingering clouds out of sight; and along the lane seen in the foreground of the landscape the little flowers, white and blue and yellow, were opening their bosoms widely to the warmth, though drops still glittered on the fragile speedwell blossoms and on white starry stitchwort nestling under the hedges.

Everything wore a brightened, renovated aspect, except the battered roses and a plot of balsams beneath Doris's window. The violence of the rain had strewn the rich dark mould with pink and white and scarlet blossoms.

Doris looked radiant, too, with happy expectation.

"You have not looked so young since you married," her husband said. "I believe you are far more excited at the idea of seeing Miss Masham than you were on your wedding-day."

Doris smiled at him.

"I suppose it does make me feel young to think of Rica—it takes me back to school-life," she said, with brightening eyes; "but then what a child I was in those days!"

She gave a little sigh, and a pensive look stealing over her face made her in her watching husband's eyes lovelier than ever. He had a way of quietly studying her face—learning by heart its marvellous delicacy both of skin and feature. Usually it betrayed little emotion; but to-day, in this high-strung mood of expectation, a faint pink color came and went on her clear skin, and her deep gray-blue eyes looked moist with happiness, almost like the Speedwell beneath the hedge across the river.

Doris felt strangely fluttered as Rica's arrival drew near—nervously anxious that all should be thoroughly well ordered. She had never forgotten the suffering she had gone through when Rica arrived at the cottage at Steersley. She wanted her friend to realize how completely that bit of her existence had been an episode.

And besides the pleasure of seeing Rica and renewing the old intimacy which had

begun to lessen in their letters, Doris hailed her visit on another account — she meant to take her to the Cairn. She knew that her father was deeply hurt by her long delay, and that her mother pined to see the baby; but neither of these reasons could have induced Doris to take a maid with her to the Cairn, and she knew that her husband would not allow her to go alone. She did not wish him to go with her; he would be a restraint on the others, and it would be a trial to her to let him see their homely ways; but now that the Cairn was not her own home she thought that she could take Rica there without mortification.

"I do not fancy," she thought, with a slight curl of her delicate lip, "that in a poor parsonage where there are five boys and an invalid mother, the ways can be so very refined. When I knew Rica I knew no one else; she may seem different now."

It was afternoon when Mr. Burneston said, "There she is," as loud barking announced an arrival.

Doris followed him down the broad darkening stairs, and she thought of the difference between Rica driven by George in the dog-cart, and Rica as she saw her now through the open hall-door being helped out of the luxuriously cushioned carriage by Mr. Burneston.

But Rica seemed shy and quiet, and was not laughing and chattering as she had laughed and chattered with George at Steersley. When she saw Doris the change was magical. She flew at her and gave her a long intense kiss, that made Mrs. Burneston's heart thrill with strange pleasure; but having done this Rica reddened, and looking half ashamed let go of Doris and said, "How's baby? may I see him?"

Doris was delighted.

"We will go and see him at once," she said; "you shall have some tea in the nursery."

"I see you also will be offered up to the idol," said Mr. Burneston laughing. "I warn you that Doris sacrifices us all without the slightest compunction to this new deity."

Rica stopped when she reached the staircase. "Oh, I forgot," she said eagerly. "There's something for you in that basket, Doris. I've left it in the carriage, but it's a King Charles — father said it was thrown away upon us, and so I brought it to you." Mr. Burneston went back for the basket — when it was opened a black silken head, with large, liquid, lumi-

nous dark eyes and a turn-up nose, appeared, wistful and trembling.

"What a dear quaint little face!" said Doris. "How very kind of you!"

Rica felt rather awed by the size and grandeur of the house. It seemed to her, too, that Doris had grown years older since their last parting; but when she saw her with her baby in her arms she thought she had grown more lovable — there was such a deep tenderness in the eyes bent on little Phil.

"Isn't he a darling?" Doris said.

As she looked up her eyes met Rica's earnest gaze.

"Well!" and the young mother laughed. Rica leaned over and kissed her.

"He is like his mother. I am so glad to come, dear; it seems years since that wedding-day. I have pictured you many ways, but you never came to me as a mother, Doris, and just now I could have fancied you my own mother looking at Algy."

Doris flushed a little; the old dislike to showing her feelings was as strong as ever.

"Will you come to your room?" she said after a little; "I think you must want to rest before dinner after such a long journey. Jane, one of baby's maids, will take out your things if you will give her your keys."

Rica laughed.

"Thank you; you remember my habits, I see; but indeed I have almost left off dreaming, and am really growing punctual and methodical. I was going to say I have so much to do, but," raising her large bright eyes to her friend's face with admiring reverence, "I suppose you are so much busier that you would simply laugh."

They had reached a pretty room at the end of the gallery, and found Jane waiting and the boxes already placed in the adjoining dressing-room.

Doris held out her hand for her friend's keys, and then closing the door on Jane and her labors she seated herself in an armchair and pointed to the other.

"Sit down, dear," she said; for Rica had gone to the window and was hanging out of it, exclaiming at the extent of the view. "Let us have a little talk now, and then I will leave you to rest."

Rica came and seated herself beside her friend. "You think my life is so busy," said Doris. "No! I expect your life is much busier than mine is; till baby came I had really nothing to do — I mean besides music and reading and so on."

Rica's eyes and mouth opened in wide wonder.

"Why, I thought you said your rector had no wife! Who looks after your schoolmistress and schoolchildren, and old people, and sick, and all the rest?"

Doris flushed.

"Yes," she said gravely; "I know what you mean. At Pelican House I meant to do so many things when I never dreamed of having so much power; and yet perhaps it is the very circumstance of having the power that makes my way so difficult. You know what I mean," she said abruptly. She had thought to be quite frank with her old schoolfellow, but somehow she could not go back to the mention of that early life at the Church Farm as easily as she had thought. Rica was altered. She seemed so much older, and there was a thoughtful tenderness in her eyes which was strange to Doris. She could not yet summon up the old power which she used to possess over her impulsive friend.

"You mean" — Rica smiled so sweetly that Doris's heart went out to her — "that one cannot do all one likes at once; that is the very lesson my father has been preaching to me ever since that day we left Pelican House. Oh, what have I said! a thing I don't mean at all. My father never preaches to me, but his practice has been showing me how very little I can really do of all my grand imaginings, and how much better it is to do one thing thoroughly than to try at three or four and only half finish them all; but you would never have wanted teaching that, you old darling — you were always so calm and so thorough."

She took Doris's hand and pressed it warmly — these two friends had never indulged in many kisses.

"I am not sure" — Doris still looked grave — "whether after all you have not been doing while I have only been thinking. I must get you to tell me about some of your work, though I suppose I shall have plenty to do now."

Rica laughed.

"But I have come here for a holiday, you dear old thing! — I am not going to teach you — oh, I am so happy, I must give you a kiss," she said, kissing her warmly. "I feel actually wild with happiness at having you again to talk to. I suppose the husband will not allow me much of you all to myself; but he does not look tyrannical; and yet I never trust looks in men. I don't believe in any of them, except my father and your brother George, and he is a myth at present. You see that

visit last year was such a lightning-flash kind of event there was no realizing anything. I seemed to eat, drink, and sleep wedding preparations and wedding from the day I arrived till the day I departed."

"Yes, it was all very hurried." Doris smiled as her friend's natural way of speaking broke through the shyness and reserve she had felt at first. "But you would believe in my father too if you knew him, he is so true. You will learn to know him at the Cairn."

"Yes," — Rica looked delighted, — "I am so looking forward to the happiness of that visit. Why ever should you have doubted my willingness to go there with you?"

Their eyes met in a long earnest gaze. Eyes are really the most useful of our features. It is all very well to talk of frankness and heart-to-heart communion, and doubtless there are hearts made one in marriage, or, in the case of sisters, every thought is sometimes shared — nay, even the embryo thought or doubt may grow into existence simultaneously in two souls only divided by the separate bodies in which each dwells; but these are rare privileges, and most of us have to carry with us alone through our life's journey thoughts and feelings which are either too high or too low to be shared by our dearest companions. We must bear our burden, so far as human sympathy goes, alone; and perhaps we may find hereafter that those whose cup of human love and sympathy seems fullest on earth — whose lives form the most of oneness with some fellow-being, will be farthest removed in the endless life from the great Sympathizer, the never-absent bosom friend of all who have loved him here.

It had seemed to Doris that the crowd of stifled, pent-up thoughts and doubts which she had borne unshared since she left Pelican House, would find release when Rica came to Burneston, and now face to face with her friend she could not force her tongue to say why she shrank from the Cairn, and why she feared that Rica, too, might shrink from it. She did not know how this trouble which so burdened her proud spirit looked out now at "the windows of her soul," and was comprehended and pitied by the warm sympathy of her friend.

Rica's color deepened, but she only said, "When are we to go to the Cairn, Doris? Dear me! that sounds rude, as if I wanted to leave this place; but you understand, don't you? I think it will be delightful;

and it is so very kind of Mrs. Barugh to make room for me."

A look of decided relief spread over Mrs. Burneston's fair, troubled face.

"If you had come yesterday," she said, "I should have told you our plans were not decided, as I did not want to leave my husband all alone, but now we can go any day, as he expects a friend at the end of the week. It is that Mr. Raine, Rica. Do you remember?"

"I should think I do — disagreeable person he must be. I hope we shall go before he comes. I must always hate that man for refusing to come to the wedding, and if I saw him I might have to like him against my principles."

"We shall certainly start before he arrives," said Doris thoughtfully. "We may expect cold weather any day at this season, and it would not do for baby to travel in cold weather. But I am not sure that you would like Mr. Raine. I like him now very much, but you and he are too much alike to be friends. Now I really am going to let you rest."

But instead of resting, Rica, as soon as she was alone, went to the window. She was so full of the tumult of enjoyment which new and pleasant surroundings are apt to create in imaginative and impressionable beings, that she seemed scarcely able to contain the gladness of her ecstasy as she gazed at the broad landscape beyond the river, with its hedge-bordered fields and distant lines of moorland overtopped by lofty blue hills, which made those in front of them quite puny and dwarfed, though they glowed with yellow and vivid green here and there, as if they hoped by color to compensate for lack of size.

Rica sighed — not from envy, though at home she could never escape the sight of chimneys, as her father's parsonage lay on the outskirts of a manufacturing town — but from the delight which the very sense of space gave her. It seemed as if she grew full of rest as she gazed at the large calm English scene — a scene that might be found in many other places, so still and yet so full of hints of life. The green meadows were dotted with brown cows, and in the meadow across the river fat geese were eating grass.

"After all," the girl thought, "a view like this teaches the use of commonplace beauty. There is nothing special here, unless it is the great extent of view and that brown line, which makes me dream of a wild, seldom-trodden moor, with perhaps a highroad across it," she said, with a

smile at herself; "and yet the very sight of it all has made me feel ever so quietly happy. Doris must lead a happy life here."

Her eyes fell on the river that ran below her window, for her room was in one of the projecting wings of the building, and only a small strip of lawn bordered the terrace wall. The rain had swollen the stream, and it ran by in a swift, dark current to the bridge arches, dashing noisily against the piers. It had grown dark quickly, and Rica shivered as she watched the strong, dark water.

"And yet," she said, "I like the river better than that view beyond. There is life and motion in it, and mystery besides; it seems as if it might be full of weird secrets; there is nothing tame about it. I am not sure that I could live on always looking at those immovable fields and hills, with only the varying crops by way of change, but then Doris has her husband to live for; she does not care what sort of view this is." She stopped here to think. Rica was not sure that a husband would be as satisfactory to work for as a father, and mother, and four brothers were. It seemed to her that there could be nothing to do for the master of Burneston. She laughed again at herself.

"I am so absurd," she said, "so full of wild, dreamy notions, and yet in practice so very humdrum and ignoble. What a good thing it is for me that I must mend stockings and teach Algy Latin! I should perhaps carry my absurdities into action if I could get time even to think of myself at home."

CHAPTER XXX.

MATCH-MAKING.

DORIS liked the Cairn. There was a breadth about the wild, lonely place that could not be frittered away in Mrs. Barugh's small attempt at "genteel" decoration.

The floor of the large, low, heavy-beamed sitting-room was not nearly covered by her smart Brussels carpet; this was placed in front of the wide hearth, and as the broad latticed window with its seat below was on the same side as the fireplace, though at the other end of the room, very little daylight reached the carpet, already hidden by a heavy square table.

The last tenant of the Cairn, an old bachelor, had left all his old cumbersome furniture to be taken with the house, and John Barugh had peremptorily decided to

keep these chairs and tables in their places. He said his wife's "gimcracks" — so he called poor Dorothy's attempt at modern upholstery — were more suited to bedchambers.

The old, faded chintz window-curtains, too, were far more in harmony with the wild moor outside than were Mrs. Barugh's white muslin draperies up-stairs; and on the square table Dorothy kept an old china bowl filled with dahlias, the last bits of color that lingered in the narrow garden outside on the evening of Doris's arrival.

As they drove up to the house she thought her mother must sorely miss her garden. The former tenants of the Cairn had seemingly so loved its desolate, weird aspect that they had been unwilling to divide the house from the moor by more than a narrow strip of mould surrounded by a holly-hedge. There was not even a climbing shrub against the dark stone walls. But there was her mother at the door, her face full of eager delight, and when she had set eyes on her grandson, she pushed forward, and took him out of the carriage, and then kissed him till George called out that the baby would be stifled.

John came forward, proud and pleased to see his grandchild, but his face was troubled as he kissed Doris.

"Bless thee, lass," he said, "an' bless t' bairn; nobbut ah thowt ye wad nut hev com."

Doris looked at him with a sweet, shy seriousness.

"Indeed I have wanted to come, father, but there has been so much to prevent it."

As soon as they reached the parlor Doris took the baby from Mrs. Barugh's unwilling arms and held it up to her father.

The big, red-whiskered man bent down and scanned tenderly, yet with a kind of awe, the little sleeping creature that lay in its white wrappings quite undisturbed by its changed surroundings.

"You'll kiss him, won't you, father?" There was a pleading in her voice; never before had she seen clearly how her neglect must have pained her father. Softly, so that no one could hear but John, she said, "He shall learn to love you dearly; you may be sure of it."

John kissed the child heartily, and then turned away suddenly; he put his broad hand on his child's shoulder, but he could not find anything to say.

"Come, come, father. Doris is not

used to holding the child, she'll be faint." Dorothy took the little bundle, and carrying it up-stairs she seated herself before the blazing logs in Doris's bedroom, and with the baby in her lap warmed its feet and legs at the fire. "It's the very image of the squire, that 'tis; yes, you are, you bonny boy, and as like your own mother as two peas, bless it!" Here she buried her face in the infant, and the rest of a long sentence of endearing words became inaudible.

Rica made George laugh heartily with the account of their journey. They had travelled post as far as the town in the valley below, and there they had parted from Jane the nursemaid, who was to return to Burneston in the carriage, while they drove to the Cairn in a hired fly; and Rica declared that Doris had been more solicitous about her baby's comfort than her own mother had been about her six children put together.

"He's the first," said George; "you don't know but what Mrs. Masham made a fine fuss about you."

On that evening and through the days that followed, for Doris kept her promise and stayed a week at the Cairn, it seemed by some natural order that she was always her father's companion, and Rica went with George. Mrs. Barugh was too much absorbed in the baby, and in directing the little extra maid she had hired to attend it, to need any other companion, so that except at meal-times they saw little of her.

Very little talk passed between the father and daughter in their walks; they seemed to have gone back six or seven years, sauntering round the farm and over the moor in the silent companionship that had once made them so happy; though now instead of the serene, idle-minded content John had been used to feel, he found himself wondering now and then whether such plain talk as his suited Doris or whether he did not weary her; while she, after the first novelty was over, used to let her mind wander as it had wandered years ago, with this difference, that formerly she dreamed a future out of chaos, and now she was often lost in retrospect, or in planning realities likely to happen. She could not bring herself to ask the question she longed to put about the future of her child, and yet she felt that her father was the only person to whom she could talk on this subject.

One great part of her reveries related to George and Rica. Every day there seemed more talk between these two; they seemed always glad to be together.

The only point that disturbed Doris was their mirth; she remembered that when George was in love with Rose he had been so dreamy and serious.

"But then I never saw him alone with Rose in this way. Rica and he must care for one another after a time, they'll learn to. Why, I did not care for Philip at first. Liking grows in these cases, I fancy."

Doris had to struggle with herself at this, to stamp down a conviction that there was a higher and more mystical feeling between lovers of which she knew nothing; but her belief in this idea was so vague that she would have considered it morbid to allow thought to dwell on it consciously, especially as the only time that she had allowed herself to consider it she had felt disturbed and unhappy.

"Father," she said one day, near the end of her visit, "how do you like Miss Masham?"

John had been walking beside her as they toiled up to the Cairn from the farm below; he had been busy showing Doris some new fields which he had lately purchased, and which were to be sown with clover, and she had been listening so attentively to his agricultural projects that he had been led into far more talk than usual. This seemingly irrelevant question startled him. He looked at his daughter curiously; his own mind, slow to move from one subject to another, could not yet grasp the connection which had helped her so quickly from clover to her friend.

"Eh well, sheea's a bonny lass, an' sheea's fair set on yu, Doris. Sheea's yalays efter yu an' wantin' yu. Ah notes that mitch."

"Don't you think she and George seem to like one another?"

John's eyebrows met in the puzzle created by her question, and his mouth grew screwed and round as he stared at her for explanation.

"Well?" he said at last, seeing that she waited for his answer.

Doris grew confused under that broad, unconscious gaze. Why should not this idea have come to her father?

"I mean," she said, "that they suit one another very well. I should like Rica for a sister if you would like her for a daughter."

John stopped abruptly in his walk. The thick red eyebrows rose suddenly, producing a series of crimson wrinkles something like a curved reed-moulding, while John's mouth opened as wide as the dominie's

did for "Prodigious," only instead of the adjective came an explosion of hearty laughter, which sorely discomfited Mrs. Burneston.

"Zookerins, lass! bud mebbe ye're reckonin' ower fast. George is nut t' lad tu tak a wahfe becos yey an mey bid him wed, he's a steadfast lad is George."

Doris reddened. "I did'n't mean that, father, but I think they are taking to one another. And I want to know whether you would approve such a marriage."

John sighed. A memory came back with Doris's words of his talk with her about her own engagement. He thought she was more dutifully inclined about George's marriage than she had been about her own.

"Ye're iv ower mitch uv a hurry, lass; George is nut yan to change yeeasily, an' he's cared for Rose Duhcombe ivver sin' he war a bit uv a lad."

"But, father," Doris spoke eagerly, at that moment she hated Rose, all her dislike for her came back, "you would not like Rose for a daughter. She is—she is not a fit girl for George to marry, indeed she is not."

Again John was puzzled, but he smiled down at her in the superior wisdom of simplicity.

"Ah deean't reetly gaum yu, bud seeams tu mey, lass, weddin's cannut be made as ye wad mak 'em. Gin a lad an' a lass is made yan theer mun be summat to draw 'em thegither, an' ah cann't think theer's onny mair then likin' atween's yon lass an' George, an' likin's nut eencaaf tu wed on, mahnd ye that, Doris lass.—Hollau!" This was addressed to a strayed sheep which had found its way through some gap in the fence of a turnip-field, and without a word more John strode off to remove the intruder, quite unconscious of the blow he had dealt his daughter.

But she soon recovered herself. She dearly loved her father; but this visit had shown her that he and she must of necessity judge from different points, and she tried to heal the pain he had just given her by this anodyne.

"I fancy love must wear different aspects in different classes. Apart from other things, in a worldly point of view, it would be a good thing for Rica to marry George. Charming as she is she has little chance of marrying. Her father is evidently very poor, and has four boys to place in life, and my father has saved a good deal, I know, and of course George can have it all. With Rica's notions about rank and society she would not con-

sider the marriage unequal, and it will make me so very happy to have such a sister. Oh yes, it must be."

John came back redder in the face, but showing no other sign of his run after the delinquent sheep.

"Ye mun send t' lahtle lad oop tu t' Cairn when he's big eneeaf," he said, "an ah'll larn him hoo tu ten t' stock an sike like; t' squire wad be fain tu ken mair nur he diz, bud he wasn't reetly skeealed; an' t' parson's wrang yal together, thof he thinks he kens mair an' ah diz."

Doris looked thoughtful.

"Thank you, father, it's very kind of you, and in any case it would be useful knowledge; but I suppose my boy will not have any land or stock of his own to manage, unless — unless anything happens to Ralph Burneston." She spoke calmly, and looked hard at her father.

"God forbid!" the farmer said hastily. "Whya, mah lass, ah teld ye afore ye married about t' dowment 'at's made on ye an' on onny bairns 'at ye may hev. Theer's a conny pleace wi' a farm belangin', at Loughton, 'at 'll come round tu ye; t' squire sayd 'at he bowt it oot o' some shares 'at turned oot better than he leeaked fer, sae that's nowt to do wi' Ralph Burneston; but that's a poor lahtle scuffling pleace, nae chance o' keepin' stock or growing owt i' siken a stany corner. Theer's twenty yacces mebbe, bud 'twad deea fer yes, Doris, nobbut ye war left tu fend fer yersel'."

He sighed. Once he had thought that if she were left a widow, Doris might perhaps come home again. Now he saw this was impossible.

"Yes, I remember," she said slowly, "but I am not thinking about myself. Does it not seem rather hard, father, that one son, just because he happens to be born first, should have all, and the other should have nothing and have to earn his own living in a profession?"

John's shaggy eyebrows lifted in wonder.

"Woonkers! Wah, Doris lass, ye mun be dreeamin', it's t' law o' t' land, an' hes been t' law tahme oot o' mahnd, ye kened it yal afore ye wa' married, sae there's nae help fer it; an' tu mah thinkin' t' lad 'at warks fer his livin' 's t' happiest, t' tahme dizn't drag wiv him, he's yalays wantin' mair on't then he's gitten."

"Yes" — but Doris sighed — it seemed to her that a high-minded man, such a man as she meant to create in her little Philip, would always find plenty to do without being obliged to work for his living.

Her husband had said he did not wish either of his sons to enter the army or the navy, and it seemed to Doris that those were the only two professions suited to a gentleman.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON THE HILLTOP.

THE last day of the visit had come, and Doris still felt puzzled about George and Rica.

She did not know how to act. She dared not take her mother into confidence, she would immediately tell either Rica or George, perhaps both. But Doris feared to leave the matter undecided; she must at least get some insight into George's feelings, and yet private talks with George had been her great objection to visiting the Cairn.

Doris was not morbid, but like some other practical people she was apt to realize too strongly and to create bugbears for herself. She studied George attentively, asked his opinion on some points, and was so struck by the change in his temper that she began to smile at her own fear of a dispute.

"You and I have not had a walk together yet," she said on the last day of her visit. "I want to see your wonderful hill that Rica is so enraptured with. She says it is a poem. It is a real pleasure to show her things; don't you think so?"

"Ah!" George gave a sigh of pleasure, and Doris rejoiced. "Yes," he added slowly, "she has a feeling for all that is really beautiful." He stopped as if he had checked some further words.

"She is quite made for a quiet country life," Doris said. "Well then, suppose father and I go with you two this evening? or shall you and I go alone?"

George smiled. It was new to him that his sister should care for his company, but he thought there must be an improvement in many ways in Doris or she would not have come to the Cairn. He had not noticed any shrinking from the plain, homely ways of the farmhouse, or even any impatience with his mother's flow of talk; for Mrs. Barugh's triumph of self-glorification in her daughter's visit exhibited itself in a never-ending babble — now on the make of Doris's gown, now on the perfections of the baby, and a constant analogy between him, and Doris and George, at the same age. She sometimes carried these recollections so far that George was forced to call her to order.

"Spare Miss Masham, mother," he had

more than once said, when he saw Rica striving vainly to check her laughter at these baby stories.

Rica was thoroughly happy.

"You are all simply delightful," she said. "I never felt so much at home away from my own people. I never have to think what I shall say or what I shall do; you are so easy to please. And then these moors; I seem to breathe more freely on them than I've ever done. I had not dreamed of anything half so wild and grand."

Mrs. Barugh bridled with pleasure. She had just laid the baby in his cradle, and so had a few moments to bestow on inferior beings.

"I'm sure we're all much obliged to you, Miss Masham, for your good opinion of us, and the place, and everything, and we'll be proud to see you any time you like, whether Doris can come or not—sha'n't we, George? sha'n't us, father?"

Doris's eyes were fixed on George with tell-tale eagerness, and as he looked up from the collie nestling its pointed ears against his knee he met her gaze, and wondered at its intensity. So wondering he let the question slip on to his father.

But John did not answer at once with the heartiness usual to him when a welcome was required. He remembered his daughter's proposal, and he felt troubled. It seemed almost as if he should be lending himself to thwart George if he encouraged Miss Masham at the Cairn—but his hospitality conquered.

"Ay, marry," he said with a smile that beautified his face by its genial breadth, "ah's prood tu think 'at t' leeady labkes t' Cairn. Ye sud bide here i' t' cawd weather, when there's bonny wuthermunt—t' winds com' swoopin' an' sworlin' fra t' hills as if they'd lift t' thatch; nut 'at they dee 'at, bud ther's a tussle atween 'em for it."

"I've asked George to take me to the Cairn this evening," said Doris; "will you come, Rica, or will you get father to show you some of his haunts beside the river? I don't believe you have seen the stepping-stones."

Rica's face brightened with delight.

"May I? do you really mean it? It is too good to take a walk with me, and have you all to myself, Mr. Barugh. At least"—she stammered and reddened, conscious of the surprise on Doris's face—"I don't mean any disrespect to you, Mr. George, but I so want to see all over the farm."

"After all," Doris thought, when she

went up-stairs to get a warm wrap, for George had warned her of the cold on the summit of the hill, "I don't think that counts for anything; the more she likes him the less she would own her liking, and she got very red just now."

The four started together for their walk. For some time they followed the yellow, deeply-ridged cart-road, skirting the moor that rose loftily on the left, bare except for knots of furze and tufts of heather on its rugged side; and, on the right, divided from the road by a dry grassed ditch, half-filled with clumps of peat, was a hazel hedge, barred with stumps of pollard elms. This was the boundary of John Barugh's fields, which sloped down steeply to the road beside the river.

As they walked on, above the shoulder of the moor loomed two huge blocks of gritstone, that seemed ready to fall on the heads of those who walked below.

"We must separate here," George pointed out to Doris how the road mounted and took a sweeping curve to the left, cutting sharply against the still, blue sky. On the right, filling the gap made by the road in this leftward curve, came a lovely peep of the valley, some rich green trees near at hand standing out in bald relief from the vista of hills beyond—hills rising one behind another, the emerald tints of the meadows sinking into dimness as the mist rose from the valley.

John Barugh led the way to a gate on the right, and he and Rica were soon out of sight as they went down towards the river.

Then George and Doris slowly climbed the steep hill, and crossed the wide moor to the glen, where Joseph Sunley had waited.

"Will ye sit an' rest here?" George said, "afore ye climbs again. I's feared o' wearyin' ye, lass," he added kindly.

"I tire sooner than I did," Doris smiled; "perhaps it is because I walk less."

A year ago George would have said, "This is one of the evils of increased culture; women learn to depend on carriages and horses, and neglect bodily exercise," but one of the most valuable lessons he had learned from the rector of Steersley had been to economize his opinions.

He had been waiting patiently for a quiet time, as he called it, with Doris. She had written him a few lines saying that Ralph had left Burneston, but he longed for, and yet shrank from, an ac-

count of the interview he felt sure she must have had with Rose.

He looked at Doris; she seemed to be thinking deeply, and to have forgotten his presence. He pulled a tuft of heather, and flung it among the stones.

"Did ye see Rose?" he said nervously, as his movement roused Doris.

"Yes, I saw her." She sate upright on the stones, and looked straight on to the hills beyond.

"Well, lass?" then, after a minute, he said sadly, "maybe ye had words. Rose has a quick tongue, but her bark's iver sae mitch worse then her bite, an' hard words break no bones, as t' old sayin' is, — do they, Doris?"

Doris felt full of pity just now for George's infatuation, and yet she thought, "He may only seek to excuse her for friendship's sake; he cannot put her and Rica in comparison, and still love Rose."

George watched her face anxiously, but Doris had learned to control its expression.

"Rose was very rude" — she tried to speak without bitterness — "but that is not the worst. I am sorry to say, she gloried in Ralph's attention to her, and refused to give up seeing him."

George grew paler, but he did not answer hastily.

"She's not easy to manage, Rose isn't; an' in hot blood she'll say whatever comes in her head if she thinks onnybody's wishin' to thwart her — mebbe she had no meanin' in what she said; it was nobbut to fret you, lass. You an' her niver drew over well together."

Doris raised her head proudly. An allusion to her early knowledge of Rose seemed always to set the blood rushing hotly through her body; it flamed angrily now on her cheeks, and George saw it. He rose up from his stony seat.

"Dunnut vex yourself," he said gently. "Ah doesn't think of Rose as you does, but then it's different. Whiles you was at school learning to love your friend there, Rose was all ah had, an' she was a heart's weight ov good to me."

Doris checked her vexation. She had also risen from the stone and they went on again slowly towards the hill.

She was surprised at her brother's reticence and gentleness. She had expected a very stormy reply to her account of Rose's conduct. She began to think that Rica's influence had prevailed. Although George took the part of his old friend, he was no longer what Doris called "silly about Rose."

"You and Miss Masham seem to be great friends," she said after a while.

"Yes, surely, she's real good she is;" he spoke heartily, he was so truly glad to be able to sympathize with Doris.

"Her goodness is only one of her qualities. She made me so happy when we were at school together by her brightness, and she is so sympathetic, she has a way of feeling personally for others that is almost comic."

"She's real kind to mother," George sighed. He wished Doris would treat her mother with more deference. It seemed to him that his sister received all her mother's care and tenderness as if they were her due.

But Mrs. Burneston was too intent on carrying out the plan she had proposed to herself to be turned aside by any other thought, and she only noticed George's words to contain praise of Rica.

"She is a great reader too," she went on; "it must be pleasant to you to have a companion with whom you can talk about your books. I should think you often feel the want of this, don't you?"

"Ah cannot really say;" he looked thoughtful. "Ah's gotten so used to pondering on 'em whiles ah's by myself 'at ah thinks ah likes it better than hearin' opinions which donnut jump wi' mine. Ye see ah hev'n't many books, an' ah reads 'em over an over till ah luovs 'em. Ay, my lass, ah luovs 'em mitch as ye luovs your bairn."

Doris smiled at George's gauge of the intensity of her love for her little one, though she avoided discussing this question.

"Your mind is so much stronger and your will is so much firmer than Rica's, that I fancy when you had been together a short while she would be easily moulded to your views."

George laughed.

"Mebbe so, lass, nobbut we'll not have t' chance o' findin' out. Mebbe we'll niver meet again. This place isn't likely to suit Miss Masham."

"You quite mistake." Doris spoke eagerly, here was her chance, she thought. "My mother has asked her to come to the Cairn whenever she likes, and Rica says she means to come."

"Surely?" George felt contradictory; it seemed to him hard that his mother, who had never offered an invitation to Rose, should be so friendly to a comparative stranger.

Doris knew that she had better let the matter rest and trust its issue to time and

opportunity, but she had no intention of revisiting the Cairn for some time, and she could not leave her work unfinished.

"George" — she spoke very gently — "you can make me very happy."

His honest brown eyes brightened, and a warm glow of pleasure spread over his pale face, while a smile of exquisite sweetness parted his thoughtful lips.

"D'ye say so, lass? Ah'll be reet fain to ken what it is."

His earnest glance was searching her, and she blushed under it and winced. Her conscience was asking Doris whether her wish was solely for the happiness of this brother so anxious to prove his love to her.

"I should like to have Rica for a sister," she said, and then she stopped.

George smiled. His first impression was that Doris must be strangely blind if she imagined that Miss Masham would take up with a mere farmer's son like himself.

"You mistake, lass," he said. "Like takes to like, an' Miss Masham an' me's not likely to suit."

"I know what you mean," — Doris roused the whole strength of her will against this obstacle, — "but you do not understand Rica. I am sure you are just suited to one another and would make a very happy couple."

George's smile faded as she went on.

"You have forgotten, lass," he said, "a man cannot love two at yance, an' ah loves Rose."

"George, you must not, you cannot love Rose. I tell you she's not worth your love. I am sure she would not make you happy, she is far more likely to disgrace you. I don't know which is worst, her conduct or her temper."

Doris spoke vehemently and her brother grew red, he was trying hard for self-control.

"Stop there, lass, or I may say something foolish; you and me must not talk about Rose, it isn't safe."

Doris was calm again when she answered.

"I am sorry I spoke so openly. I did not know you still cared for her; but, George, I am older than you are, and marriage and society have made me still older, and love is not the only thing to be thought of in marriage."

George looked at her more quickly than was usual to him, for his lameness had increased his slowness of movement, then seeing that she looked in earnest he smiled.

"Do ye mind how ye said to me oop at

t' Hall 'at you an' me looked at things different ways, an' it struck me there was reason in it. Well, it's the same now, you look at marriage from one end an' ah looks at it fra t'ither."

"Ah, but I said that about matters on which there might be differences according to the differences in relative duties. This is quite another question, only a question of the change which a few years of experience and knowledge of the world must bring to you, George. You say you like Rica; well then, there is no risk, for you are sure to love her well enough when you come to know her better. She has no money certainly, but she has every other requisite. She is pretty and clever, and very, very bright and loving, and so kind in illness; then she is well-born, and all her friends and relations are people of position and culture; and with all this she is so wonderfully simple and unconventional that I believe she actually prefers the Cairn to Burneston Hall. Oh, George, think how much better it would be for you to have a wife who would help to raise the tone of the family, whom I should be able to receive as a sister and introduce to my friends; think how proud mother would be of such a daughter."

She paused. His listening, unmoved face puzzled her. He could hardly listen so patiently, she thought, if he entirely disagreed with her appeal.

"Ye make very sure o' Miss Masham," he said gravely. "Seeams to me she may look for a rise in life as well as anybody."

Doris felt rebuked. She knew well that she had no right to take Rica's consent for granted.

"I only make sure for two reasons; first, that I believe she is entirely free to love any man who seeks her love in earnest, and next, because she has told me more than once that in marrying she would only think about her husband, not about his money or his position. It is just a special chance, indeed it is. Surely you will not be so utterly selfish as to sacrifice us all to your infatuation for Rose Duncombe?"

No answer. He walked on faster, and stopped, at last, when they reached the top of the Cairn. He waited for Doris to speak, but she was too intent on his answer and the success of her project to see the wild grandeur of the scene. She had forgotten all her interest in Rica's account of the weird, far-stretching moors.

"Well, lass," he said at last, "mebbe we look yon with different eyes too. Seeams to me 'at if ye were to come oop now an

agean ye'd mebbe get cleared o' theese mists which dull your sight. Eh, lass, John Bunyan would be a safer guide t' you, ah'm thinkin', than what ye're pleased t' call knowledge o' t' world."

"No, indeed, George." Doris could smile now. It was absurd that a homebred recluse like her brother should combat her wisdom. I never argue with you about religion, because I know you are much better than I am; you always were; but this is quite different. There would be no harm in your marrying Rica; that is, I mean, of course, if she will marry you; but there would be a great deal of harm done by marrying Rose; and, besides, Rose does not care for you, or she would not do as she has done."

She stopped. George stood facing her, looking far taller than usual on the bare hilltop, with the far-off background of distant hills. His eyes glowed; his whole body seemed to vibrate with intense earnestness as he spoke far more broadly than usual.

"Listen, lass. D've mahnd when we waz lahtle bairns ah telled ye a tale, an' ye did not lahke it cos ah telled it frev a book. It telled uv hoo a huckster man found a pot o' grease, an' when his eyes was rubbed wi' it he saw t' world was nut t' seame 'at he thowt he'd been livin' in. It's sae noo wi' you, Doris. Ye're blinded wi' poms an' vanities an' t' lahke, or ye'd ken t' poer an' t' trewth o' luov. Eh, lass, ye war a rare yan fer trewth lang syne; an' noo ye bids me aks Rica Masham to wed me when ah cannut gie her my love as a husband shood deea. What if Rose cannut luov me; that changes nowt in me. In God's sight ah'm her man as mitch as if ah'd wedded her. Ah've gien her all t' luov ah can give, an' it's oot o' my poer to take it back. My heart and my life are hers, whether she taks 'em ur leeaves them, sae noo then!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CLYTIE.

RICA wandered round the large airy nursery at Burneston, looking at a series of prints on the walls which Faith assured her were Master Ralph's special treasures in his childhood, but from time to time she glanced with an amused look at Faith herself.

The housekeeper sat with little Phil in her lap, carefully examining him to make sure that no harm had chanced during his absence, and giving vent now and then to peevish ejaculations, aimed at the igno-

rance displayed by "folks," clearly meaning Mrs. Barugh, on certain points of baby management.

Faith had tried all she could to prevent the visit, and had prognosticated all kinds of harm to little Phil, and it was almost a disappointment that her charge was returned to her looking far stronger and healthier than when he was taken away.

At last she looked round, "Ah does wonder, that ah does, Miss Masham, 'at nut one o' you could hev thought an' put a veil on him; whya if he were a bit uv a farmer's brat he couldn't be mair sunburnt, he's as brown as August corn — yis ye are, mah beauty."

Rica's eyes twinkled with amusement.

"Why, that's just what we're proud of, Mrs. Emmett. I thought you'd be as pleased as possible to get such a sturdy young gipsy home again; and he did have a veil at first, but he didn't like it; and we thought he was to do exactly as he liked — I'm sure I heard you say so."

Faith did not answer. She disliked jokes from any one but Ralph, and it annoyed her that this friend of Mrs. Burneston's, a girl who did her own hair and required no help in dressing, should be invited to stay at the Hall.

Rica was rather ill at ease this morning. After a week's separation she felt that Mr. and Mrs. Burneston must have much to talk over, so she kept out of her friend's sitting-room; and Mr. Raine had contradicted her so decidedly at breakfast that she preferred to avoid the library lest she should find him there, and get into some fresh dispute with him.

"He is clever, no doubt, and very amusing, but he is downr.ght rude," the girl said with flushing cheeks, "and I dislike rude people."

As she reached the top of the old staircase it seemed to her that the portraits which covered the four lofty walls frowned at her; already in her bedroom one fair, blue-eyed Burneston in a well-curled flowing wig and brown coat, had seemed to her to shake his head and glance at the book he held as if to rebuke her idleness.

Rica stood looking down the wide old staircase.

"What stories these massive old balusters and standards could tell!" she said; "how many sad and tender partings that old lantern hanging from the roof has lighted!"

The staircase occupied three sides of a large square well; here were shelves filled with china which nowadays would be deemed priceless, but beyond its color

china had no attraction for Rica. She lingered on the stairs studying the pictures: tightly bodiced ladies with flowing hair, round-eyed and round-mouthed; grave gentlemen with sad faces, looking all too old and prosaic for the fair dames languishing out of landscape backgrounds, not quite in harmony with their bare arms and abundant unkerchiefed charms.

Two of these pictures had a special fascination for her: one a delicate, lovely lady, in a more modern costume than the rest, whose cheek rested on her hand; there was an almost plaintive sweetness in this face which roused Rica's imagination. Opposite to it was a full-length portrait of Mr. Burneston in his boyish days, dressed as a sailor, with a background of sea.

Faith asserted that this portrait was the living image of Ralph, and Rica felt a certain curiosity to see again this heir of Burneston who seemed such a general favorite.

"Not with Doris, I think," the girl said; "she rarely speaks of him."

At the second landing of the staircase were two arched recesses at right angles; one contained a doorway leading to another gallery of bedrooms, in the other was a marble pedestal supporting a bust of the Clytie. The staircase was lighted solely from the lofty oaken roof, and light and shade fell sweetly on the exquisite face and shoulders. As Rica turned from the picture of the sailor squire her eyes fell on this bust.

"Why don't I make a study of her? It would be good practice," she said. "That cross-looking man in red will leave off frowning when he sees I am at work. It is a rare chance for me to get an antique head placed in such a light."

She hurried back along the gallery for her drawing-materials. It was delightful to have found something to do; for to Rica's hard-working habits it was difficult to take holiday alone, though it was easy for her to share the holiday-making of others.

She was soon seated on the topmost stair, beneath the arched opening to the ante-room, a charming nook, furnished with well-filled book-shelves and Indian cabinets, leading to a gallery of bedrooms.

She soon grew intent on her work; she rapidly marked out the head, and began to draw it in chalk. She did not hear the door into the ante-room open. All at once a footstep close behind her gave her a start, and sent her crayon across Clytie's nose.

"Oh!" she said, without turning round, for she thought only of the mischief done.

"I beg your pardon." But Gilbert Raine did not look sorry; he was too much amused by the originality of the whole proceeding to have much care for the false stroke. He began to think his first impression last night had been correct, and that there was some character in Mrs. Burneston's friend, an idea which her silent coldness during breakfast had quenched.

"It's too late to beg pardon now." She did not look at him. She was trying to rub out the unlucky stroke with a bit of bread.

No answer came. Raine was looking down admiringly at the bright, sensitive face, full of expression, though the eyes were hidden by a deep fringe of dark lashes.

"I beg your pardon, do you want to pass?" She rose and gathered up her materials. "I quite forgot I was filling up the passage."

"Thank you." But Raine stood still as soon as he had descended a couple of steps, and looked down at her drawing. "Upon my word, you've got it uncommonly like," he said; "it's really very good for a woman."

Rica looked up now, her eyes brimful of mischief.

"Which do you mean, the face or my attempt to copy it? You may say, if you like, that it is good for me; but you must not say it is really very good for a woman."

"But there never have been any women great painters."

"The world is not ended yet, and I believe in progress," said Rica triumphantly. "Women will do something good in art, as well as other things, before all's ended. Hitherto the weak have made themselves weaker by yielding all, and the strong women have never been taught properly as men are taught; so they never start fair."

"Then you ought not to resent my words; but I'll not shelter myself under that cover. I utterly deny that a woman can equal a man in any one thing—yes," with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "I yield on two points—talking and caprice."

Rica looked aghast.

"There is no use in arguing with you; you are a misanthrope—you never had any sisters, I am sure. People are always positive of what they know little about."

Raine laughed.

"But I have history and many great writers on my side."

"Not all; there are plenty of constant women in Shakespeare who are not chatterboxes, and every-day life will show you more. Look at that lovely, pensive face shrouded in black lace," she pointed her crayon at the lady resting on her hand; "if we knew her story we should find she loved all too constantly, and as for talking, why," Rica's face glowed with sudden animation, "I believe her talk must have been like Mrs. Burneston's, full of diamonds and pearls,"—she stopped suddenly, conscious that she had been talking excitedly to this stranger, and that he was probably laughing at her. "I forgot you were here," she said abruptly; "I bore you, I know."

"If you were any one else," Raine said with a laugh in his voice that provoked her, "I should say you were complimentary, but as I am sure you have no intention of paying a compliment, bad or good, I suppose I must apologize for interrupting you and take myself off."

"Please tell me, first, who the lovely lady is with the pensive face and the lace mantilla."

"She is Ralph's grandmother. I can only just remember her, for she died young, but I fancy she was very lovable, and not nearly so sad as the artist has painted her: but as she died so early she is no contradiction to my theory; shy women, and she was shy, don't get full use of their tongues till middle age, and she might have turned out very fickle if time had been given her."

Rica had seated herself again, and gone back to her drawing. She wished Mr. Raine would go on talking instead of looking at her so satirically.

"I am sure of one thing," she said; "women may have faults, but they are larger-minded than men are, they are not always twitting men with being violent and overbearing, and tyrannical, and contemptuous, and teasing," she said the last word with emphasis.

"Ah, but you are incautious—you let me see that you consider men guilty of these faults and yet you never speak of them; now see how much better we behave to women, we are always trying to create in you the most impossible virtue of a feminine mind."

"What is that?" said Rica, looking up at him.

"Humility."

He said this quite seriously. Rica's lips quivered and her face glowed with vexation.

"According to you," she said, pushing the loosened brown hair from her forehead, "we are a sort of chameleon—we just reflect the color you are pleased to throw on us, and women who don't do this exactly are capricious. Well then, if we are not humble it is because men are so self-satisfied."

"Ah, my dear Miss Masham, now you come to the great safety-valve for the soul of a man—the tongue of his better half. Tell me honestly, did you ever see a self-satisfied married man? He may and he does put on a good deal of conceit, but this is mere war paint, a try-on to deceive the outsiders. See the unhappy biped on his own hearth-rug, *tête-à-tête* with his tyrant, and you'll see him literally skinned out of all self-respect."

"Have you ever been married?" said she indignantly.

"No, I thank God," and he laughed as he looked at her.

She had got far too angry to go on with her drawing. Quite heedless that she had passed her hand across her forehead and left a crayon smudge on its centre, she rose up.

"You are extremely irreverent; but, of course, you do not know what you are talking of. Some day you will have to eat your own words; but, indeed, I pity from my heart the woman who is sacrificed to you."

With this parting shot she ran back into the ante-room.

"A malediction," said Raine. "But I wish she had stayed a little longer. It was too bad of me to tease her. I will make my peace at luncheon, she is too pretty to quarrel with."

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE STORY OF AN INDIAN LIFE.*

THE opportunity which our Indian empire presents for a career to the able and adventurous is a trite subject on which to moralize. But if trite the inference is no less true; and a very noteworthy example of what may be achieved by an Indian public servant, through simple merits, without adventitious aid from interest or connection, is afforded by the life of the officer placed at the head of this article. In one sense, indeed, the late Colonel Meadows Taylor cannot be deemed to

* *The Story of my Life.* By the late Colonel MEADOWS TAYLOR, C.S.I. Edited by his Daughter. Edinburgh: 1877. 2 vols.

have achieved distinguished success; not being a member of either of the recognized Indian services, he was debarred from rising to any of the high offices of the Indian government, and at the time of his retirement held merely the charge of a district, to which comparatively humble preferment every "covenanted civilian" is entitled to succeed in ordinary course, without displaying any merit whatever, and usually passes on from such a post to some higher and more lucrative appointment. But for his writings, the name of Meadows Taylor would probably have been unknown beyond the province in which his official life was passed. Nevertheless his career was so remarkable as illustrating both the force of character in overcoming difficulty, and for the exhibition of those virtues and qualities which are most especially to be desired in Indian administrators, that it well deserves to be brought under the notice of his countrymen. Landing in India an almost friendless and uneducated boy, and passing an unusually busy and harassing life, Taylor succeeded in making himself an accomplished and cultured man, and, still better, gained in an extraordinary degree the attachment and gratitude of the native communities over which he was placed. In this respect his example cannot be brought too prominently before the notice of a class, almost every family of which has, or looks to have, one at least of its members engaged in some form or other in the administration of our Indian empire. The materials for telling the tale are fortunately available in the "Story" of his life, which Meadows Taylor prepared in his later years, and which has just been issued from the press. The story, however, is not merely an old man's uncertain recollections of his younger days; the autobiographer, during the forty years of his Indian service, had carried on a voluminous correspondence with his father and other members of his family, and his share of it has been carefully preserved. It is on these records of incidents written at the time of their occurrence that the story is based, which has thus all the freshness of contemporary narrative.

Meadows Taylor was born at Liverpool in 1808, the eldest son of a then prosperous merchant of that city, but whose affairs suffered a loss when the boy was about seven years old, which brought him to comparative poverty and involved the need of stringent retrenchment in his easy way of living. As one apparent result of this change of fortune, little Meadows

was sent to a big and cheap boarding-school near Prescott, where there were a hundred boys; "a rough place," says the autobiographer, where the domestic arrangements rivalled those of Winchester in their primitive discomfort, and where, although the food was plentiful, one institution at least resembled the customs of Dotheboys Hall.

Good Mrs. Barron attended to our personal cleanliness and to our health; and at stated seasons, especially in spring, we were all gathered together in the dining-hall, where the old lady stood at the end of the room at a small table, on which was a large bowl of that most horrible compound brimstone and treacle. The scene rises vividly before me, as we all stood with our hands behind our backs, opened our mouths and received each our spoonful, swallowed it down as best we could — and had to lick the spoon clean too! Surely this was a refinement of cruelty.

The discipline of the school was as savage as the life was rough, and, under pressure of the brutal canings he received, the boy ran away; his parents had the good sense not to send him back again. Soon after this, his father, whose affairs did not improve, removed to Dublin, where he had accepted the management of a large brewery, and here too the school his boys were put to seems to have been of a low standard. "Was everything I learned," asks Meadows, "always to be beaten into me?" However, his spirits were high, and he signaled his last half-year by defeating the bully of the school, to whom he had succumbed on a previous occasion, in single combat. Every man of Taylor's time, and many a good deal younger, can look back to the school fights of those days, so frequently, often so stubbornly contested, always so full of excitement and interest to the lookers-on. Fighting at school, we understand, has gone out like duelling. The disuse of the practice is probably due to the great development lately given to athletic games. The worship of muscle may not be without its disadvantages, but the mode of life of the rising generation is at least more healthy and kindly than that of their forefathers.

To return to the subject of our notice. The school life of Meadows Taylor came to an abrupt end in his fourteenth year, just, as he says, when he was beginning to take a pleasure in school work, and he was articled for a seven years' apprenticeship to Messrs. Yates Brothers and Co., West India merchants at Liverpool, there to undergo the drudgery which falls to the boy clerks in such an establishment.

From copying circulars, his first employment, he was soon promoted to be post-office clerk—"not an easy task in those days, as the postage on letters sent and received was of considerable amount and variety"—and then he became one of the clerks for attending the discharge of cargoes: "a hard life," writes the old man looking back on his boyhood; "day after day, in snow, frost, or rain, I have sat for hours together, shivering and benumbed with cold, being allowed an hour for my dinner, in which time I had to run two miles to eat it, and run back again. Sometimes a friendly captain would ask me to partake of his meal; and I have frequently shared a landing-waiter's lunch when offered." But that the lad had very soon made his mark is shown from his being now appointed collector of moneys due—"assistant dunner," as it was called.

And late in the dark evenings have I, mere boy as I was, been walking the streets of Liverpool with thousands of pounds in bills, notes, and gold in my pocket. I was getting on; but I had enemies—why, I know not—who played me many a scurvy trick. My petty cash was often pilfered, my desk being opened by other keys. I was ordered on private errands for other clerks, and when I refused to execute them I was "paid off" by malicious accusations. These were, however, entirely disproved. I had a steady friend in Mr. Yates, and persevered in my work.

It is easy to understand why the boy's preferment for such duty should have excited jealousy among the other clerks; but this was the last occasion, during Meadows Taylor's long and varied life, of his making an enemy of any sort.

The wretchedness he endured from this continued persecution broke down his health and spirits, and his employer agreed to let him go home for a time for rest and change, and offered to cancel his indentures if he could find any preferable opening. This soon presented itself, and, as it appeared at the time, of a very favorable kind. A Mr. Baxter, styling himself a Bombay merchant, offered him a situation in his house in Bombay, with a small share in the business when he should come of age. It had been previously decided that he should be sent to Madeira for his health; so the proposal fitted admirably, and he sailed for India in his sixteenth year, in the hope of returning home, after a few years, a rich and prosperous member of Baxter's "house." The voyage was so far eventful that the "Upton Castle" was threatened by a

pirate felucca off the Azores, on which occasion Meadows Taylor served as captain of the mizen-top, his favorite resort for reading, "and which was now garrisoned by six stout boys besides myself;" but as the felucca sheered off on a closer inspection of the "Upton Castle's" broadside—for the Indiamen of those days were all armed—the expected fight did not come off. On reaching Bombay a terrible disappointment awaited our young adventurer. Baxter's "house," in which he looked to become a partner, turned out to be simply a large shop, the profits of which had been for some time more than absorbed by the expenses of its owner's London establishment. The business, he found, was notoriously in a critical state, and most unlikely to last. Mr. Baxter's business habits, moreover, did not carry him to the point of sending notice of his future partner's having embarked for Bombay. The local agent received him civilly, but knew nothing about his engagement, while his quondam fellow-passengers gave the cold shoulder to the young shopboy. But deliverance soon came from this embarrassing position. His mother was a Mitford "of that ilk," one of the best families in the north of England, and Meadows Taylor had brought out a letter of introduction from that lady to her cousin, Mr. Newnham, a member of the civil service, then holding the high office of chief secretary to the Bombay government. After a few weeks passed in making out bills for wine and groceries at Baxter's, and selling goods over the counter, he received one morning a summons from this gentleman, who "showed me a letter from Sir Charles Metcalfe, then 'Resident at Hyderabad, stating that he had procured me a commission in his Highness the nizam's army, and the sooner I went up to Aurungabad the better.'" It needs not to say that he accepted the offer, Baxter's local agent kindly cancelling his indentures. Mr. Newnham on this writes to his kinswoman in England that her son

will now quit the shop and move in his proper sphere. The nizam's service [he continues] holds out the most flattering prospects; and if he qualifies himself in points of duty and in acquaintance with the native languages, the road to high and lucrative employment will be open to him. He will remove to my house, where he will remain till he is ready to proceed to Aurungabad, where his military service will commence. . . . He is a fine, intelligent lad, and I saw him, with regret, article to a house which is not in as flourishing a state as you were led to believe.

I removed [continues the autobiography] to a small bungalow within Mr. Newnham's "compound," and a Parsee servant was appointed to attend me, who spoke good English; but I had not been idle, and could make myself understood pretty well, my ear guiding me to a good pronunciation. Arrangements for my military outfit proceeded. I needed of course uniform, tents, clothes, etc., and my generous friend, Mr. Newnham, gave me a splendid chestnut Arab, which had belonged to his late wife. How pleased he was that I was out of "that shop"—that I was no longer "Baxter's boy!" indeed I am sure he felt his own dignity insulted as long as I was there. "Now," he said, "you are Lieutenant Meadows Taylor of his Highness the nizam's service, and we all drink your health and wish you success."

Just at this time another tempting offer was made him. The head of a leading mercantile firm invited him to join his house, and Mr. Newnham was puzzled at first how to advise his young *protégé*. But it was ultimately determined that he should follow a military career; and the decision was a fortunate one, for the great house, then apparently so prosperous, not long afterwards failed. In the latter end of 1824, young Meadows Taylor, being then only sixteen, started to join his appointment, with a liberal outfit, the cost of which had been advanced by his generous patron. Thus he owed his first real start to the kindness of a friend and kinsman; and almost every successful man, if he is honest, will admit that his success can be traced in the first instance to the same cause. Wellington, in all probability, would not have been selected for the command in Portugal if he had not already distinguished himself on Indian battlefields, the opportunity for doing which he owed entirely to his eminent brother. Of course a man must have the needful qualities for turning such opportunities to good account. Some men pass their lives in getting and losing chances, but Taylor was of the sort to make befriending him a pleasing office; winning, active, eager, and industrious, every one took kindly to the lad, and his high-placed relation had the discernment to see that influence and generosity exerted in his case would be well repaid by the result.

We are tempted here to quote an extract from the lad's first letter to his mother on his arrival in India.

Nothing goes down here but the "Company," and it is indeed an excellent service. There are the writers, for instance; as soon as they arrive in India, they have their three hundred rupees a month, and nothing to do

but to learn the Hindostanee and Persian languages, and ride about in palankeens, with a score of black fellows at their heels. In this country there are lots of servants, and they are the laziest lot of rascals under the sun. One fellow will not do two things. If you have a fellow to brush your shoes, he will not go on an errand. One of our passengers hired eighteen servants the moment he landed! But their wages are very cheap. You get these fellows for two, three, four, and six rupees a month, and have not to clothe them or anything. . . . A shirt here lasts only a day—sometimes not even that. Fortunately washing is very cheap, only three rupees a month, and you may dirty as many things as you like. I think the climate will agree with me; I do not find the heat oppressive. . . . I have not seen any of the passengers since I came ashore. I suppose they will all be too proud to speak to me now; but, fortunately, there was not one I cared twopence for, except young Shephard; that's a comfort. . . . The language is not difficult to get a knowledge of; but to be a good grammatical scholar is difficult, as it is not a written language. But Gilchrist, of London, has invented a way of writing it in English letters. The natives transact their business in Persian, which is a written language. This is a festival day, and the natives walk in a sort of procession, with a kind of drum, making a terrible noise. They dress up in the most ridiculous manner, carry torches in their hands, and go on with all sorts of antics.

When you see the boys, kiss them for me, and tell them the black fellows are such queer "Jummies," with large bracelets on their arms and thighs made of silver, and rings through their noses, and strings of beads round their necks, and almost naked.

In the first sentence of this extract the writer notes the fact which was to have such an important influence on his fortunes. Nothing, he truly observes, goes down but "the service," and it was his misfortune to be outside that service. Another reflection is suggested by the ingenuous commonplaces the lad sets down about the Indians. These are just what hundreds of young men have written to their friends on first landing in India; unfortunately too many of our countrymen in the East are satisfied to go through life taking this superficial view of what they are pleased to call the "black men" or "niggers" around them, regarding them as if the social conditions of India were as simple and easily understood as that of the negroes of the West Indies; ignorant to the last of the extraordinary complexity, variety, and interest of India which a nearer acquaintance would afford; and ignoring, because themselves incapable of exciting, the manifold good qualities

of the people among whom their lot is cast. With Taylor, however, this ignorance was soon replaced by a more intimate and juster knowledge; and we may observe that with almost all the Anglo-Indian statesmen who have achieved a reputation in the East, as Munro, Elphinstone, Metcalfe, Henry Lawrence, and Outram, a close acquaintance with the people of India has been followed by a strong feeling of kindliness towards them, invariably repaid on their part by gratitude and affection. People nowadays lament the decay of feudal sentiment, the coldness and want of attachment manifested by retainers and dependents. Let those who need such ties seek them in India. The sentiments of confidence and devotion with which so many of our best Indian statesmen have succeeded in inspiring the people under their rule — people who, although in daily contact, are yet removed to an immeasurable distance from them by the difference of race and religion and the restrictions of caste — is one of the most striking, as it is also one of the most gratifying, circumstances in our connection with that country. To a man of this sort, coming home worn out and in broken health, to die perhaps on the way, the sympathy, the unfeigned and disinterested grief shown by the people over whom he has ruled at losing him, must be at once a source of pain and of the highest kind of pleasure. Such a man was Meadows Taylor, and we would go so far as to say that the success of an Anglo-Indian official may be judged in most cases by his manner of looking on the natives of India. If he likes them, and, while not blind to their many faults, can yet find room to appreciate their many admirable qualities, he has been a good public servant. If, on the other hand, he has not got rid of the contempt and aversion for the people with which in his ignorant complacency he set out, he has probably made a mistake in going to India at all.

The nizam's army, as it was then called, now the Hyderabad Contingent, was that part of the nizam's armed forces which had been supplied with a staff of British officers, and brought under regular military training and discipline. It comprised about a dozen regiments of infantry and cavalry with some batteries of artillery, to which were attached about one hundred European officers, most of whom belonged to the regular establishment of the Indian army, and were detached to the nizam's service by way of staff employ, but some of whom, like Meadows Taylor, were ap-

pointed on the nomination of the resident, and whose commissions carried no authority beyond the nizam's army itself. The force was created with a twofold object — of securing the nizam in possession of his throne, and as a set-off against the turbulent rabble which did duty for his own army, and also as a means of controlling the affairs of the state; for, although styled the nizam's army, and paid from his treasury, it was virtually commanded by the resident, or representative of the Indian government at Hyderabad, and received its orders only through him. Service in this force was always much sought after by the younger officers of the Indian army for the increased pay and promotion it conferred, captains and even lieutenants on the lists of the regular army having the command of regiments, and field-officers the command of brigades, while the cavalry of the contingent has been reputed to be amongst the best in India. Perhaps not the least of the attractions were the gorgeous uniforms with which the different commandants, untrammelled by dress-regulations and remote from view of army headquarters, delighted to adorn themselves and their officers; and did an officer appear at a levee at St. James's with an exceptional amount of gold lace and embroidery on his coat, he would usually be found to belong to the Hyderabad Contingent. For an outsider like young Meadows Taylor to gain admission to this coveted service was therefore exceptional good fortune; but the lad made a good impression on all with whom he came in contact, and soon qualified himself for his position, becoming a bold rider and sportsman, and devoting himself from the first with such assiduity to the acquisition of the vernacular language, that in a few months he was appointed to act as interpreter to a court-martial on a native officer. His satisfactory performance of this duty was the occasion of his first preferment, which happened when the resident came to the station where he was quartered, and the account of the incident is worth inserting in his own words.

At last the resident arrived with a brilliant staff; the station was very gay, and I was presented with all the other officers. Hampton had been promoted, and therefore the command of the escort was vacant. The resident's camp was to move on next morning. After dinner Colonel Sayer took me up to Mr. Martin, saying, "Allow me, sir, specially to introduce my young friend here, of whom I have had already occasion to report favorably, officially; I beg you to keep him in mind."

"Will you take the command of my escort by way of a beginning?" said the resident. "I shall be happy to have you on my personal staff if you are sufficiently acquainted with the native language." This the good colonel answered for, and I was told to prepare without further delay. I don't know how I got away: I only remember trying to keep down a big lump that rose in my throat, and the colonel saying to me, "Now you've got a start—you will never disappoint me, I know."

All the ladies and gentlemen of the station were present, and crowded round me with congratulations; one of my friends came back with me to my house; my things were packed; we went to the city for camels for my tents and baggage, which were despatched as quickly as possible. The night passed—I do not think I slept—and by dawn I was in my saddle, and joined the officers of the resident's staff as they were starting on their morning stage. It was a sudden change in my life: what might be the next?

The resident expressed himself much pleased when I presented myself at breakfast when the camp halted at a short stage from Aurungabad. We had killed two foxes by the way, my dogs having been posted beforehand. "So you can ride," said one of my new companions. I was then nine stone eight pounds, and well mounted, as I had my chestnut, and a splendid bay hunter which Stirling had given to me. Yes; I could ride.

After breakfast Mr. Martin sent for me, and asked me about my family and what I could do. He then set me to converse with his moonshee, which I found very easy. I had learned to speak Hindostanee like a gentleman; and here let me impress upon all beginners the great advantage it is to learn to speak in a gentlemanly fashion. It may be a little more difficult to acquire the idioms; but it is well worth while. There are modes of address suitable to all ranks and classes, and often our people unintentionally insult a native gentleman by speaking to him as they would to their servants, through ignorance of the proper form of address. I was also examined in Persian, and Mr. Martin complimented me on my diligence.

The quality of the young commander of his escort had evidently made an impression on the resident, for in a very few days he gave him still further advancement. An officer of the contingent, a friend of Taylor, had lately been selected for the civil office of superintendent of one of the nizam's districts—a last resource not uncommonly adopted when one of them had fallen into a state of anarchy under its native officials—but had almost immediately been killed in trying to get possession of a fort held by a gang of turbulent Arabs. Mr. Martin, who was still in camp, on getting the news at once offered the post to Meadows Taylor, who

could hardly at first believe in his good fortune, for the post was worth fifteen hundred rupees a month, or about 1,800*l.* a year, but rode off straightway across the country to join the cavalry regiment which had been despatched to try and bring the rebels to reason; or, failing that, to storm the fort. Happily the garrison evacuated it just as the troops had been told off for the storm, and Taylor awaited only the confirmation of the appointment by the supreme government to enter on his new duties. The commandant of the nizam's cavalry, however, telling him that this confirmation would not in his opinion be given, offered him the adjutancy of one of his regiments. "Mr. Martin's patronage in the civil department," said Major Sutherland, "will be curtailed considerably; and what I propose to you is this—do not go to Hyderabad. I want an adjutant here for one of the regiments. I will appoint you, pending your final transfer to the cavalry. You ride well, our men like you, and the pay is very good." A tempting offer, especially if we bear in mind the gorgeous jackets affected by that branch of the service; but Taylor stuck to the first acceptance of civil employ. The commandant, however, was right; the nomination was not approved, as was only natural, for Taylor was still a boy of seventeen, and meanwhile the adjutancy had been filled up. So he was glad to accept the office of superintendent of bazaars at the camp of the contingent near Hyderabad—an office which, though comparatively humble, involved plenty of work. "I had to regulate the markets and the prices of grain in conjunction with the principal merchants and grain-dealers. I was to decide all civil cases, try and punish all breaches of the peace, besides having to inspect all meat killed, and settle disputes between masters and servants." While thus occupied, Taylor worked away steadily at Persian, looking for the time when an opportunity should come for gaining an entrance into civil employ.

The day came at length. An officer, who was assistant superintendent of police in the S. W. district of the country, got tired of his solitary life, and proposed to exchange with me. Mr. Martin at once consented to the step, and wrote to me very kindly on the subject, expressing his desire to serve me to the utmost of his power, and recommending me to accept the exchange.

My arrangements were soon complete. I was to become proprietor of Captain L.'s bungalow at Sudasheopett, with one or two

tents; he, of my "buggy" and horse, which I no longer needed. Furniture on both sides was valued; and when we were respectively in "orders," I betook myself to my new duties, of which the resident and his secretary gave me an outline; but nothing very precise could be laid down respecting them, and I was left very much to exercise my own judgment. . . .

Now at last I was free!—literally my own master. I had an immense tract of country to overlook, of which I knew nothing, except that in going to Dindidooty I had crossed part of it. I took leave of the resident and of the nizam's minister, Chundoo Lall, who were both very kind to me; . . . and I started on my journey, accompanied by my escort of police, and reached Sudasheopett on the fourth day. I had not completed my eighteenth year.

The district over which his police jurisdiction extended was about two hundred and fifty miles long by from fifty to sixty broad, for the duties of which he was provided with a force of fifty mounted and one hundred and fifty foot policemen. Under these circumstances the supervision was obviously not of the same kind as we expect to see performed by the police in England. The force was mainly occupied in patrolling the road to Bombay, to keep it clear of the gangs of robbers with which it had been infested, the superintendent occupying a little bungalow at a central point on the line containing only one room, but with stabling for five horses. Here he occupied himself in following up information about the thieves, collecting birds and insects for his uncle, Mr. Selby, the well-known naturalist, and learning the Mahratta language.

I had plenty to do. Every morning brought in reports from my officers and men, which had to be answered and investigated. Then my early bag of birds had to be skinned and prepared; English correspondence and my Mahratta lesson followed; and I had a box of books from the Secunderabad or Bolarum library to occupy my evenings. I kept Mr. Newnham well informed of my doings, and his delight when I obtained this appointment was very sincere.

To pass one's days in a little hut, with not another European within scores of miles, and no opportunity of hearing your own tongue for months together, may be thought a dull life to those who are accustomed to spend a large part of each day in family communion, or who look on their club or their mess as a necessary part of existence. But to those who have experienced this sort of solitary life in the midst of an Indian jungle—and many hundreds of our countrymen in the East, engineers, civilians, and planters, have

gone through it—the life will have been found not without charms, if only health be granted; although to lie tossing on a sick bed when away from help, the bones racked with fever, still worse to die in such a case, with only your servants to bury you, as has happened to so many an Indian official, is a hard fate. Among the pleasures of the life must be set the appreciation which it permits of any society that comes in the solitary man's way, when even the portentous monotony of an Indian cantonment in the hot season seems to the visitor from his solitary bungalow a life of unbridled gaiety. Such occasional relaxations Taylor had, and evidently enjoyed, as when he foregathered with his nearest neighbor the collector of Sholapur, the conterminous district of the Bombay presidency, to get some pig-sticking, bearing himself in a way to earn the commendation of that experienced sportsman, or when he meets at the hospitable collector's table some of his old shipmates, surprised to see "Baxter's shop-boy" a grave political agent for the whole of the nizam's frontier.

Taylor's first feat in the thief-taking line was the capture of a certain turbulent baron, Narrayan Rao by name, who eked out a slender revenue by highway robbery and burglary. A young man is brought to the superintendent's tent one day, covered with sabre-cuts, whose uncle, father, and grandmother had been murdered the night before and their house plundered by the robber. This worthy lived in a fortified village or castle, thirty miles off, which Taylor reaches after a night's ride accompanied by ten of his police and a couple of mounted grooms.

It looked very strong as we approached in the early morning; the fort stood out in the centre with its large bastions and loopholed walls, all in excellent repair. We halted under a little grove of mango trees, and when the gate was opened to allow the cattle to come out, we rode in boldly, and though the guard seized their matchlocks, no one attempted to fire. In reply to their questions I answered, "I have been travelling all night, and am tired, and intend to rest here a while."

"We will send word to the rajah," said several.

"No," I answered, "I will speak to him myself;" and we rode up the main street. I thought for a moment that it was rather a rash proceeding, for on the bastions of the fort many men appeared, showing themselves on the parapet and calling to us to go back. The rajah lived in the fort, and some men came out and stood on the steps leading up to it, and asked me what I wanted.

"The sahib bahadur wishes to see your rajah sahib," said my jemadar, "and he is tired,—he has ridden all night."

"My master is asleep," rejoined the man, "and I dare not disturb him."

"I must see him, and at once," I said; "if he does not come, I shall go in myself;" and the spokesman went in, returning directly with a young fair man, who was tying a handkerchief round his head.

He saluted me, and inquired haughtily "why I had come into his town, into which no Feringhee had ever before entered without his leave."

I stooped down and said in his ear, "You are my prisoner, and must come quietly with me; if you or your people resist, I will drive my spear through your body. Now, we will go, if you please."

The street was narrow, and as my horsemen spread themselves behind us, no one could get near us. I do not remember ever feeling so excited as I did when the rajah and I went down to the gate by which we had entered. He said nothing; but his men were crowding on the walls and housetops, all armed and calling to each other. Perhaps they noticed that my long hog-spear was within six inches of their rajah's back!

When we reached the gate, he merely said to the guard, "Don't follow, I shall return soon;" and we all passed out safely.

"Now," said I to one of my men, "let the sahib ride, Bhudrinath;" and as he dismounted from his mare, I bade Narrayan Rao get up.

"If you don't, you're a dead man," I said; and Bulram Sing advised him to obey; "for," said he, "if you do not do as my master orders you, he will put his spear through you."

So the rajah mounted; and as this was seen from the gate towers not a hundred and fifty yards from us, one of my men, happening to look round, called out, "They are going to fire!" and we had scarcely time to put our weary horses into a canter, when a regular volley was discharged, knocking up the dust behind us.

Bhudrinath had scrambled up behind the rajah with a merry laugh, and kept consoling his companion by telling him the shot would hit him first. Narrayan Rao, however, maintained perfect silence, and told me afterwards he expected to have been hung upon the first tree, and supposed this to be my reason for ordering him to mount.

A rescue was attempted; and, that failing, Narrayan Rao offered Taylor a large bribe to let him off, in the form of a draft on his bankers at Hyderabad. Eventually Taylor carried off his capture safely to that place, and paid the draft into the nizam's treasury.

As an illustration of the varied work falling to the lot of a political officer in such a position we may quote the following. Readers of Miss Edgeworth's novels

will remember a similar case described in "Patronage."

Some very curious and difficult cases of disputed inheritance came before me. One I very well remember, in which two families claimed the same land under a grant from King Yoosuf Adil Shah, who began to reign A.D. 1480. The papers were exactly similar. No forgery could be detected either in the registries or seals; both seemed genuine, and we were fairly puzzled, till, after dinner, holding up the paper to the light, I saw an unmistakable water-mark—a figure of an angel, with "Goa" underneath. Now, Goa had only been taken by the Portuguese in A.D. 1510; therefore, there could have been no Goa paper in existence in 1483, and Indian paper has never any water-mark. The falsification, therefore, of the deed written on Portuguese paper was conclusive.

More important, however, than such cases was the enquiry which he was now led to make.

Returning after an absence of a month through my district, I was met by some very startling revelations. The police, and chiefly my faithful Bulram Sing, had reported some very unusual occurrences. Dead bodies, evidently strangled, and in no instance recognized, were found by the roadside, and no clue could be discovered as to the perpetrators of their death. In two places, jackals or hyenas had rooted up newly-made graves, in one of which were found four bodies and in another two, much eaten and disfigured.

The whole country was in alarm, and the villagers had constantly patrolled their roads, but as yet in vain. All we could learn was, that, some time before, two bodies of men had passed through the district, purporting to be merchants from the north going southwards, but that they appeared quiet and respectable, above suspicion. During these enquiries it transpired that numbers of persons of that part of my district were absent every year from their homes at stated periods. These were for the most part Mussulmans, who carried on a trade with Belgaum, Darwar, and Mysore, bringing back wearing-apparel, copper and brass vessels, and the like. Who could these be? Day after day I tried to sift the mystery, but could not. I registered their names, and enjoined Bulram Sing to have the parties watched on their return home. But as the monsoon opened that year with much violence, I was obliged, most reluctantly, to go back to my bungalow at Sudasheopett.

Had Taylor been allowed more time to follow up his clue, he would probably have unravelled the celebrated Thuggee mystery; but on the accession of another nizam to the throne, which happened at this time, the new monarch demanded that all the British officers who were "interfering in his country" should be withdrawn,

and he accordingly had to return to regimental duty. Before he was again employed in a civil capacity, Thuggee had been unearthed by Captain (afterwards Sir) William Sleeman.

While adjutant of his regiment it fell to Meadows Taylor's duty to take a prominent part in drawing the teeth of the nizam's brother, who had retired with an army of ragamuffins to the Fort of Golconda, and there bade defiance to the nizam's government. As the treasury of Golconda contained a million sterling in coin, its irregular occupation threatened to be financially inconvenient, and a force was despatched to take the fort. But the turbulent brother, after some days' palaver, was got to surrender without fighting. The case is interesting for the following incident:—

I was not sorry when, on the fifth morning, one of the staff rode up and told me I might withdraw my men, for the prince had agreed to send away his levies and keep only his immediate retainers.

A scene followed which affected me very deeply. I had drawn up my four companies, and released the guns from their position, when the men burst into loud shouts of:—

"*Bolo, Mahadeo baba ke jey!*" ("Victory to the son of Mahadeo!")

I hardly understood it at first; but my friend S., who came to look after his guns, clapped me on the back and said, "I do congratulate you, Taylor, with all my heart: no truer proof could have been given you of the men's affection; you will never lose your title—it will follow you all your life." "*Bolo, Mahadeo baba ke jey!*" he shouted to the men, and heartily did they respond; while, as I proceeded to dismiss them from parade, the cry was taken up by hundreds of both the regiments present.

Even our chief came out to say a few kind words. Captain S. was right; my *sobriquet* never left me, not even in the mutiny; and it may still linger among the descendants of those who conferred it.

In 1832 Meadows Taylor, being then twenty-four years of age, married a daughter of Mr. William Palmer, the once famous banker of Hyderabad, whose failure some ten years before had been a terrible catastrophe to many an Indian household. After a few years of quiet married life, the happy monotony of which was broken only by the suppression of an occasional rebellion, or the capture of some robber chieftain, Taylor and his family all fell sick and he was ordered home. Unfortunately he was ineligible for a furlough, a special ruling of the government having laid down that the "local" officers of the nizam's service—*i.e.* those who did not

belong also to the Company's army—were not entitled to the benefit of the furlough rules. An officer so circumstanced must therefore either surrender his appointment or die. The case illustrates very strongly the force of that feeling which animated the officials about the government towards all who had not the good fortune, like themselves, to enter the public service under special covenant and conditions, and, it may be added, the feeling of the ruling authority at home. It illustrates, too, that tendency of the regulations to linger behind the wants and conditions of the times with regard to leave and pensions, which has been for many years a chronic source of discontent among all classes of officials in India. Until the end of the last century all the Company's services were on the same condition as that which Meadows Taylor describes himself to have felt so hard; they were not entitled to leave India at all except by leaving the service at the same time, and the rules which for the first time made it possible to do this were only obtained by the persistent efforts of Lord Cornwallis when governor-general, followed up on his return home. Long after the overland route was established, and England had been brought much nearer to India than was the Cape, a heavy pecuniary penalty continued to attach to a return home, which did not apply to a voyage to the latter country, and which practically prevented all staff-officers and most civil servants from ever coming to England before their final retirement. This disability has only been removed within the last few years through Lord Lawrence's exertions, and the conditions of Indian service placed on a rational footing with respect to the increased facilities for travel. Now at last these rules have been made so liberal and reasonable as immensely to enhance the comfort and happiness of the covenanted civil and military officers serving in India. But they have so far been made applicable to these classes only; the authorities still ignoring the claims to similar consideration of the very large body of European civil servants outside these two branches of the public service—engineers, forest and telegraph officers, education inspectors, and so forth—a body which has grown up of late years with the great extension of Indian administration in all lines, to which almost every family in England has furnished a member, and which, on every ground of education, training, and ability, deserves the same amount of consideration as the

older branches of the services, but which is not yet recognized as having any claims to be dealt with differently on this head from the humblest native officials, to be numbered by tens of thousands, who naturally do not want to come to England or to send their families there, but whom the framers of the existing rules, with a strange ignorance and obstinacy, persist in clubbing up with all the European officials not in the army or covenanted service under the absurdly inappropriate title of the "uncovenanted" service. This title is about as sensible as if, for example, one were to style all English clerks who are employed outside the Treasury "non-treasury officers." The state of things is so incongruous and absurd, and many of the clauses of the pension and leave rules of the so-called "uncovenanted" service are so degrading as well as ludicrous in their application to educated English officials, that the thing must surely need only to be brought prominently under the notice of proper authority to be set right, as happened in the particular case of Meadows Taylor. Going to the Neilgherry mountains to recover from his severe illness, he there had the good fortune to be introduced to the governor-general, Lord William Bentinck, and to have the opportunity of telling his tale of the furlough grievance. The governor-general, astonished to find that such an order had been passed by the government of which he was the head, at once undertook to have it annulled, and henceforward it became possible for officers of the nizam's army to revisit their native land on the same terms as those obtained for officers of the Company's army. With Taylor's adventurous journey home with his wife and family in native craft up the Red Sea we have not space to deal, but may just remark that it would in all likelihood have come to an untoward end but for his good knowledge of Oriental languages, his courteous bearing, and the reputation he had taken with him from Hyderabad of being on friendly terms with some of the leading Arab chiefs there. Arrived in England, his ever active mind at once occupied itself in utilizing his experiences of native life, and in a few months he brought out his famous "Confessions of a Thug;" those who have reached middle life will remember the extraordinary interest the book created. As a literary lion for the time, Taylor naturally found himself often at Gore House, and the opportunity of meeting with the literary celebrities of the day

must have had unusual charms for one who had spent so many years in total solitude, or the banishment of an Indian cantonment; and one anecdote of his London experiences is worth repeating here.

It was most interesting and fascinating to me to meet so many men of note under such charming auspices as those of Lady Blessington. Most of these now, perhaps, are gone to their rest, and there is no need to mention names. Does any one remember the strange, almost "eerie" speech that Prince Louis Napoleon made one evening there, when, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, he began an oration declaring the policy he should adopt when he became emperor of the French? And I remember, too, when this really happened, how his actions actually accorded with that strange speech. When Lady Blessington rallied him good-naturedly on what he had said, he put his hand on his heart, bowed gravely, and told her that he was never more in earnest in his life, and that she would understand it all by-and-by. Maclise and I walked home together, and could speak of nothing else.

As I came to know Prince Louis Napoleon better, he proposed to me to join him in a tour through India, which he contemplated, taking with him Count D'Orsay. He was to apply for my services as long as he required them, and the plan appeared delightful.

I heard from him direct, after I had returned to India, asking for information on various points of equipment, etc.; but the Boulogne affair and what followed put an end to the whole scheme, to my infinite regret.

Returning to India in 1840, Taylor reverted for a few months to regimental duty, combined with the office he at this time undertook, and held for many years, of Indian correspondent of the *Times*; but in the following year he obtained his first definite political appointment, the line in which he was to achieve such great success. The rajah of the little principality of Shorapoor (not Sholapoor be it remarked, which is a district of the Bombay presidency) having died, the nizam's government, to which the state of Shorapoor owed allegiance, exacted a succession fee of 150,000*l.* This was to be paid by instalments; but the borrowing of the money by an already impoverished government led to disputes between the banker who advanced it, the Shorapoor state, and the nizam's government, which were still under discussion when the next rajah also suddenly died. The British government thereupon appointed the rajah's brother, one Pid Naik, regent for the infant son, a child of seven; but the child's mother, a woman who had already outraged decency by her dissolute behavior, and was com-

pletely under the influence of her paramour for the time being, seized the regency in defiance of authority, summoned the armed men of the principality to her standard, and began to recruit actively from the Arab mercenaries who infested the Hyderabad territories. The British officer who had been charged with the supervision of affairs in Shorapoor asked for military aid; but our northern army was still entangled in Afghanistan, the Madras army was in a state bordering on mutiny, and no troops could be spared for the purpose. In this emergency the resident at Hyderabad bethought him of turning to account the extraordinary influence which Meadows Taylor had already exhibited over all classes of the people with whom he had to do, and sent him down to Shorapoor to see if he could accomplish what was needful without the use of force. Off started Taylor on his mission, as to which the commandant of the Hyderabad Contingent observed, "If Taylor settles this matter without troops, he will be a cleverer fellow than I take him for." "Not a flattering prediction," as the latter observes, "but quite enough to put me on my mettle." The story of the pacification of this little state is one of the most interesting parts of a most interesting book, but only an outline of it can be given here. By a mixture of firmness, kindness, and expostulation, Taylor succeeded in inducing the truculent lady to give up her scheme of independence, and to recognize the little rajah's uncle, Pid Naik, as the rightful regent; and, what was a still more difficult task, he secured the acquiescence in this state of things of the turbulent yeomen of the state, who had been looking forward to the promised anarchy with all the zest born of an innate love of excitement. Not only did he put down the lady's incipient rebellion, he managed to extract from her no less than ten thousand pounds of arrears of revenue which she had misappropriated, and still more to lock up her favorite paramour. All this was not done without much risk. For some time Taylor carried his life in his hand, but the combined courage and kindness which he exhibited in due course worked their effect on a race peculiarly susceptible of personal influence and disposed to hero-worship; and the feelings of suspicion which the primitive people of the country first evinced towards him gradually changed from suspicion to unbounded confidence and attachment.

At one time, indeed, it appeared as if Taylor's administration would come to a

speedy end. The state of Shorapoor was, as we have said, tributary to the state of Hyderabad, although the relations between the two were to a certain extent supervised by the British government, and Meadows Taylor was therefore acting as representative of the nizam; and notwithstanding the credit given to him for his success in putting down the ranees' incipient rebellion, and establishing the regent's authority, he received shortly afterwards a curt intimation from the supreme government, through the resident, that it was in contemplation to make other arrangements for the management of the state, in which his services would be no longer required. The change thus referred to would have been the direct assumption of authority in Shorapoor by the government of India during the young rajah's minority, and the supercession of Taylor by a member of the civil service, to be sent there for the purpose, on the plea that the former was only a servant of the nizam, and that, on a transfer of the administration to the Indian government, a servant of the latter should be placed at the head of it. What were the secret influences at work on this occasion was never distinctly ascertained, and some interesting correspondence on the subject from Mr. John Stuart Mill, who highly approved of Taylor's conduct (in letters which are inserted in the preface to these volumes), shows that they were not fully understood even at the India House; but apparently the governor-general, Sir Henry Hardinge, was acting under the influence of the secretariat at Calcutta, jealous of the claims of the covenanted civil service to all preferment of the kind, and wishing to secure the appointment for a member of that body. Happily this act of injustice was not perpetrated; and eventually Taylor received instructions to set the nominal regent, Pid Naik, who turned out to be an incapable drunkard, on one side, and to assume himself direct control of the administration, which he retained until the young rajah came of age. The little state during this time made a wonderful change towards prosperity; the revenue increased largely, the people abandoned their lawless habits, schools were established, roads made, trees planted, tanks built and enlarged. The most troublesome person to deal with was the dowager ranees. At times penitent and tractable, at others she relapsed into intrigue and plots for regaining independence. On one occasion Taylor detected a correspondence with the court of Hyderabad for bringing about his removal and the reversion of the govern-

ment to herself, a part of the conditions being the payment of a handsome bribe to the prime minister, and a still larger one to the nizam himself. Later on she attempted to effect a rising of the people, and at last Taylor was obliged to deport the fiery lady for a time from the principality. Of one stormy scene he gives a vivid description, when the old ranee (old at least in appearance if not in years — she was only forty, but looked to be seventy), after declaring that her son was not the late rajah's child — a most probable statement which might be implicitly believed — produced the young man's horoscope, which had been prepared by a learned *shastree* at his birth, declaring that he was fated to die in his twenty-fourth year.

"Yes," cried the ranee, after the horoscope had been read, seizing my arm as I was sitting on the ground by her bedside — "it is bad! All that concerns that base-born boy is bad! Why did his father die? Why did I not strangle him with my own hands rather than let a wretch like that live to be the ruin of the State? Yes! he is fated to die in his twenty-fourth year, and I shall not see it! I am dying myself, and you English have made him secure to glory in my death! Ah, yes! he will die before he is twenty-four complete; we, my husband and I, sent that paper to Nassik, to Benares, and everywhere that there are wise Brahmins; but they all returned the same answer. He must die in the twenty-fourth year after birth. Is it not so, *shastree*? Did we not spend a lakh of rupees over this, and it availed nothing?" and she stopped for want of breath, her eyes flashing with excitement. "Is it not so? Tell the truth!"

"You speak truth, lady," said the *shastree*, who was sobbing. "It is only the truth, Taylor Sahib; I have tested all the calculations, and find them exactly conforming to the truth according to the planets. The rajah is safe till then; but when that time comes, how I know not, but he will surely die. He will never complete his twenty-fourth year! never! never!"

"No!" cried the ranee, interrupting him — "he will not live; he is the last of his race. He will lose his country, and all the lands, and all the honor that the Sumusthan has gained for five hundred years. Would that he were dead now, the base-born dog and slave!" and then she uttered language that I dare not write.

To the manager of a native state in Taylor's position the supervision of the revenue and the administration of justice are not the only demands on his time. He must also be a road-maker and general engineer. Among Taylor's feats in that line must be mentioned not only the construction of an artificial lake for irrigation

purposes hard by the city, but the building of a little yacht to sail upon it.

My boat turned out a pretty thing after all — twenty feet keel, and twenty-four feet over all, a good beam, and three masts — old Liverpool ferry-boat fashion — a bowsprit and jib, topmast and sails. She was very stiff in the water, and very safe; in fact, she worked well, and was beautifully finished in every respect, built of teak, copper fastened throughout; yet she had been entirely the work of two common carpenters of the country. I felt rather proud of my first experiment in ship-building; and my boat was a constant source of amusement and recreation, as, although the lake was not very large, it was sufficiently so for an hour or two's sail in the evenings when work was done. First, out came the ranee and all the *élite* of Shorapoor, to have a look at the boat, and their admiration was unbounded and most amusing. As to the little rajah, he was wild with delight, and hugged me with all his might for having made the boat for him. The ranee was for being out half the day; and once, when there was "a bit of a sea," and the little vessel was dashing through the water, throwing up the spray about her bows, she was in absolute glee.

As to the miscellaneous duties which fell to his lot as guardian of the young rajah, the following extract gives an illustration.

In March, another great ceremony took place — the first removal of the young rajah's hair! It is usual in some Mussulman, and most Hindoo, families, not to cut the hair of a male child until he has attained a certain age. In the rajah's case, his father and mother had fixed the period at nine, eleven, or fourteen years of age. It had not been done in the ninth year, and the present was the eleventh, which could not be passed over, and I was glad of it, for the boy suffered greatly from the weight and heat of the tangled and matted hair falling about his shoulders. . . .

There was a great gathering of all classes of people to partake of the ranee's hospitality. I don't know how many Brahmins and others were invited; all were fed and received gifts of clothes and alms; the crowds were enormous. All the members of the family were feasted for two days, and received turbans, scarves, and other presents, and every one seemed pleased and happy. The ceremony itself took place in a tamarind grove near a suburb in the plain on the south side of Shorapoor, and the ranee had had comfortable tents arranged for me, and I arrived from camp in time for the beginning of it. I did not see what was taking place, as no one entered the enclosure but the Brahmins; but the beating of kettle-drums, blowing of horns, and firing of guns announced it was completed. I was sitting with the ranee the whole time, and she

was very thankful to me for my presence there, and the assistance I had been allowed to give.

As the camp could not move into the city that night, I remained, and there was a grand *nautch* under the trees, and fireworks, which had a very pretty effect, the whole grove being lighted by torches, with occasional Bengal and blue lights. Next evening all went up to the city in grand procession. The rajah on his superb elephant with his little wife beside him, who had arrived from the Mysore country just in time. She is rather dark, but a pretty child about eight, with glorious eyes. I rode and drove another elephant, and we were surrounded by all the horsemen and foot soldiers, and the Beydur clans. Such a scramble! When we got into the city, we were joined by others, and there were literally thousands, and all the housetops were covered with well-dressed women and children. By this time it was dark, but there were hundreds of torches and blue lights, and the effect of the crowds in the streets, the horsemen, and the women on the flat roofs was very fine. It was the best procession I have seen.

Ten years were passed in this way, a time of unrelenting hard work, chequered by domestic sorrow; for Captain Taylor had barely finished the comfortable house he had built on a pleasant hill outside the town when he lost his wife, and had to send his children to England, and henceforth he lived at Shorapoor a solitary Englishman, finding solace only in official labor.

I had [he writes of this time] in some measure succeeded beyond my hopes—I had won the hearty approbation of the highest in the land. I had gained, and was hourly gaining further, the confidence of the people—they were more peaceful and content, improvements were progressing, trade and crops were promising; I had good health and constitution, and, though often weary and sadly sick at heart, the thought that my efforts had so far succeeded gave me strength to fight on; and somehow I had a liking for my work, and a certain pride in it, which carried me through many a difficult task. If I had not felt at times so unutterably lonely, I should have been quite happy; but the thought of what I had lost in her who would have cheered and supported me was at times almost too much to bear.

When the rajah came of age, Taylor would have found himself without occupation, for the young man, although passionately attached to him, wanted to taste the sweets of independence; but just at this time a new field was presented for the exercise of his remarkable administrative abilities. The nizam's affairs had fallen into hopeless confusion, and it became absolutely necessary to make some ar-

range to provide funds for the regular payment of his army. Contrary to the advice of the resident, who urged the Indian government to assume the direct administration of all the nizam's misgoverned dominions, Lord Dalhousie decided finally to claim merely that the administration of certain districts should be placed under British government, until the surplus revenues should provide for the liquidation of the debt due to it. The control of that part of the nizam's army which was officered by Europeans was transferred at the same time, and in its reduced form is now known as the Hyderabad Contingent. The result has justified Lord Dalhousie's policy, but only because there has been found for the native rule of Hyderabad what had never existed before—a thoroughly honest and able minister. At the time when these negotiations were on foot there was no reason to expect that such a man as Sir Salar Jung would appear to alleviate the condition of that unhappy country, while it may be safely asserted that, but for the extraordinary qualities exhibited by that distinguished man, the nizam's government must ere this have utterly collapsed. The change in question occurred opportunely for Taylor to give him fresh scope for his abilities. It was determined to place him in charge of one of the districts now to be assigned, and at the express desire of the Bombay government he was appointed to the one adjacent to that presidency. Before setting off to take charge of it, Taylor returned to say good-bye to the people of Shorapoor.

It was a painful process; there were crowds of people all about me, clinging to my palanquin, as I went from house to house. The rajah had gone out to one of his hunting retreats, leaving word that he could not bear to see me go. As I proceeded, the people and the Beydurs, men and women, gathered in the streets, and accompanied me, and it was as much as I could do to get away at all. The rajah's wives, whom I had known as children, clung about me. Poor old Kesámá, now nearly ninety years old, blessed me: "I cannot weep," she said, "my old eyes are dry; but I bless you, you and all belonging to you."

It was a most exciting scene, and very painful. Mine has been a long sojourn among a strange people, and, whatever may have been their faults, there was no doubt of their warm attachment to myself.

The crowds followed me to the gates; but as my bearers quickened their pace the numbers soon fell off. At every village I was met by the people, and at the last one on the frontier a great concourse had assembled of all the

head men, *patells* and *putwarries*, and principal farmers. I do not think there was even one man who had a hope of the rajah's maintaining his position, and as to themselves they said, "We must escape oppression as best we can. It will be a hard struggle."

So ended my connection with Shorapoor for the present. It was hereafter renewed for a time under far different circumstances.

First overcoming with his wonted tact a little difficulty which arose when taking possession of his new district, from a party of Arabs holding out in the almost impregnable fort of Nuldroog, where his headquarters were to be, Taylor set to work with one European assistant to introduce a settled government where hardly the semblance of such a thing was to be found. The district covered about fifteen thousand square miles, or about half the area of Scotland; and it is worth mentioning by the way that those who are accustomed to speak of India as one might speak of Essex, will find their popular notions disabused in this as in many other respects by reading Meadows Taylor's autobiography. Enormous tracts of India are on a dead level, and as monotonous as such plains must be in all parts of the world; but the table-land of the Deccan, in which this assigned district is situated, abounds in a variety of scenery, the beauty of which Taylor is never tired of dwelling on, while, at a time of year when the residents of provinces far to the north are sweltering in heat, he writes of the delightful freshness of the climate on the table-land where his camp is pitched. As for work, the two things which pressed most to be taken in hand were the establishment of a code of laws and the settlement of the land revenue. With respect to the first, his instructions were "to make use of the existing local courts of the nizam's government for the trial of all cases, civil and criminal; but as no local tribunals or any judicial office of any kind were found by me, and none had existed for years, I determined to introduce a code of laws of my own, civil as well as criminal; and I took the regulations of the Bombay government as my guide, drawing up a short definition of crimes and their punishments—and, in civil cases, of general procedure—simple and intelligible to all classes. This code lasted until replaced by Macaulay's Penal Code." As to revenue matters, he writes to his father:—

I found the district in shocking order: no proper accounts, and no confidence among the people; a ruined, impoverished set of pauper cultivators, who have been so long oppressed

and neglected under the Arab management that they are, I imagine, blunted to all good perceptions. Murder, robbery, attacks on villages, plunder of cattle, and destruction of crops had got to such a height last year, that civil war could not have had a worse effect upon the people or on the revenue; and all agreed that if British rule had not come in this year, the whole district would have been utterly ruined and wasted. I never saw anything like it. I thought Shorapoor bad; but this is infinitely worse, and the labor it is to get anything put right has been excessive. I can only say that I have been obliged to work frequently from four A.M. to eight P.M., with only respite for dressing and breakfast; but there is no help for it. I have been giving five years' settlements to such villages as are ready to take it, but there are many which are so disorganized that they require to be specially nursed.

The state of things here described did not occur among a tribe of simple savages; the country in question has been the seat of great kingdoms, and bears scattered over its surface the vestiges of a high civilization existing at a time when we in the West were comparative barbarians; it had been reduced to this condition by centuries of anarchy and misrule. To gain a mere record of occupancy rights of the landowners was an immense labor; and, as an accurate survey of the village holdings was a necessary condition of the operation, Taylor, having first taught himself the art of surveying, established a school of surveyors, whom he himself instructed on an extremely ingenious method, and in time was able to carry out a field survey, which, if rude, was sufficiently accurate for the purpose, over the whole district. Irrigation works also occupied a large share of his attention; and here again, if self taught, he proved a very successful engineer. Upon this point, however, it should be observed, as well with reference to what Taylor accomplished, as to the works executed in various parts of India under native dynasties which are still in use, that in India the first beginning of irrigation, like the rude farming of the first settlers in a colony, is of a perfectly simple and obvious kind, when great results can be produced by very simple means. The difficulty lies in the extension of irrigation, after the most easy situations for such works have been occupied. It would be about as fair an inference to say that the man who gets a crop of wheat by scratching the virgin soil of some new settlement is a better agriculturist than the Norfolk farmer, who employs expensive manures and machinery to obtain the same result,

as to assert that the Indians who took up the best sites for irrigation works of a most simple and obvious kind showed special engineering skill in doing so.

The labor of such a post, if filled with zeal, was of course enormous. Taylor records that in one year nearly thirty-five thousand letters passed through his office, most of them of course being in the vernacular languages, and written to dictation—native secretaries are almost as quick as shorthand writers—and that he had himself nearly three hundred criminal cases to dispose of, "thirteen of which were indictments for murder." In the same year the land revenue of the district increased from about 70,000*l.* to nearly 90,000*l.*, and the land under cultivation by more than thirty thousand acres. In one sense it was a joyless life, passed in utter loneliness save for occasional meetings with his one European friend and assistant, and void of all the ordinary pleasures which men in other parts of the world have come to regard as necessary to make life endurable; yet a life in many respects happy because it was cheered by the consciousness of good work done on a large scale, resulting in the vastly bettered condition of large numbers of helpless people; a sort of life that is led patiently by a great many of our fellow-countrymen in the East, although it is given to few to illustrate the good side of the patriarchal government on so large a scale as was possible for Meadows Taylor. Such good work and such remarkable success, as attested by the rapid increase of the revenue and the corresponding decrease in crime, the occupation of lands heretofore left waste, and the extraordinary attachment manifested for him by the people, would have assured him rapid promotion to higher and still more responsible positions had he belonged to either the civil or military service of the Company; but, being only an "uncovenanted" officer, the only advancement he obtained was the transfer to another of the assigned districts at the critical period of the mutiny.

"Go to Berar directly," was the order he received from the resident at Hyderabad one day in August 1857, "and hold on by your eyelids. I have no troops to give you, and you must do the best you can. I know I can depend on you, and I am sure you will not fail me." And Taylor, of course, responded at once to the appeal, receiving on his sudden departure a most gratifying and spontaneous address from the leading persons of the district,

expressive of their gratitude for his efforts on their behalf, and sorrow at losing him.

I can never forget the scene in the public *cucherry* when this was read to me. My old friend, Shunkur Rao Baba Sahib, read it with the tears running down his cheeks, and there were few dry eyes among the vast crowd that had collected. The old cry, "*Mahadeo baba ke jey!*" was raised outside and taken up by thousands. It was the first time I had heard it at Nuldroog. I was much moved. Nothing, I thought, could exceed this simple but earnest expression of the feelings of the people towards me, and their manifestation of regard and affection was very grateful to my heart; and if I had stood between the people and wrong in the matter of land, if I had governed them justly to the best of my ability, if I had insured for them peace, and laid the foundation of prosperity, this was indeed a grateful reward—all I could have hoped or wished for on earth.

That night as I left the fort and town, I found all the road and street lined with the people, cheering me with the old shout, "*Mahadeo baba ke jey!*" and many weeping, and pressing round to bid farewell; and I was followed for more than two miles out of the town with the same cheer, by a crowd from which it seemed difficult to get away.

At every village I passed through that night, and till my frontier was reached, the village authorities, elders, and people came with their farewells and best wishes, in crowds, from all points within their reach, praying for my speedy and safe return. My departure from Shorapoor had been affecting and painful to me, but the demeanor of the people here was, if possible, more touching and affectionate.

Taylor was wanted to keep Berar quiet; for the road from Hyderabad to the north of India lying through this district, which was being constantly traversed by disaffected bands, to maintain order there was as important as difficult, whereas Taylor's own district, lying out of the main road, was more likely to be left undisturbed. Troops there were none; for the resident at Hyderabad, Colonel Davidson, putting a bold front on things, and holding on to the isolated residency at a distance from all aid, when his advisers all counselled his taking refuge in the neighboring cantonment of Secunderabad, had also denounced his command of troops, sending a large part of the contingent forward with aid in support of Sir Hugh Rose's force. Davidson, as Meadows Taylor points out, had a much higher aim than merely to keep the troops employed in the field. His object was to dissociate the nizams from all suspicion of having sympathy with the rebel party at Delhi, and also to show his own confidence in the ability of the

nizam's government to secure the British minister at his court from attack. His detached officers had to second this endeavor to hold the country by moral influence only, and Taylor's extraordinary personal influence came into play with the best effect in Berar. An attempt to oppose his crossing the Godavery by some of the people who were up in arms was at once put down by the well-affected part of the peasantry, and an old native friend, a landed proprietor of the district, escorted him to his headquarters with a body of his mounted retainers. The life led in Berar by Taylor at this season resembled that of a large number of British officials left unsupported in their districts with orders to maintain the authority of the government to the last; he was one of those fortunate enough to come unscathed out of the ordeal in which so many perished. The country of which he held charge was about two hundred and fifty miles long by sixty broad, with a population of two millions; so it may be supposed the "deputy commissioner," as he was styled, had enough to do.

On the suppression of the mutiny and general re-establishment of peace in India, Taylor, after receiving the thanks of government for his good services in maintaining order in Berar, received instructions to return to his proper appointment; but while on his way to join it he was suddenly ordered to his old station at Shorapoor, where he had passed so many years of his service. The young rajah, whose investiture to the government of the state we have already mentioned, and who with manhood and independence had lost all the winning simplicity which had made him so attractive when a boy, had taken to drinking and general dissipation, and allowed the flourishing affairs of his little kingdom to fall again into confusion; and on the outbreak of the mutiny, instigated by bad advisers who held out hopes of creating a kingdom on the nucleus of Shorapoor, he had broken out into open rebellion, and was now a prisoner in the main guard of a British regiment at Hyderabad. The case created more interest than was due to its relative importance in that time of rebellions and anarchy subdued, because the young man had been brought up under the direct tutorship of an English officer, had been taught the English language, and was indebted largely to the English government for their support against the exactions of the state of Hyderabad; and it was felt that such treachery merited the severest penalty. We quote Taylor's

account of the affecting scene with the unhappy young man in prison.

Hours had passed while he poured out this tale; hours of intense suffering to him, and bitter self-reproach. Sometimes he would stop, and throw his arms round me passionately; sometimes kneel beside me, moaning piteously; again he would burst into loud hysterical sobs which shook his frame. I did my best to soothe him, and gradually he gave me the details narrated above. I have given only the heads, which I took down for the resident's information. It would be impossible to remember his wild, incoherent exclamations, his sudden recurrence to old scenes when he had played as a child about me with his sisters; of the enjoyment they had had in the magic lantern I showed; of the little vessel on Bohnal Lake, and the happy expeditions there; and all those recollections of his innocent early life made the scenes through which he had lately passed the more grievous and full of reproach.

I asked him if he would like to see the resident, who had promised to accompany me on my last visit to him if the rajah wished it. To my surprise, he drew himself up very proudly, and replied, haughtily, —

"No, *appa*; he would expect me to ask my life of him, and I won't do that. Tell him, if you like, that if the great English people grant me my life, I and mine will be ever true to them; but I deserve to die for what I did, and I will not ask to live like a coward, nor will I betray my people."

I think this speech, which I reported word for word, pleased the resident better than anything he had heard of the rajah before.

"The poor lad has spirit in him," he said; "and I will not forget all you have told me of him."

Leaving him there to await trial and sentence, Taylor passed on to assume the government of Shorapoor, when the old Brahmin to whom reference has already been made, on hearing that the rajah had been sentenced to death, reminded Taylor of the horoscope which predicted that he must die at twenty-four, the age he had just reached. In due time the news arrived that the resident had commuted the sentence to transportation for life, and the governor-general had commuted it still further to four years' imprisonment in a fortress in the south. Taylor at once sent off for the shastree. "What now becomes of the prophecy?" he asked him. But the old man refused to be comforted; the danger was not yet over, he said; the rajah's life must come to an end at the appointed time. The rajah's family, however, who knew nothing of the horoscope, were in raptures of joy at the

news, and the ladies began making their preparations for joining the young prince.

I took leave of them both in the morning, and settled down to my work after breakfast was over. It chanced to be a morning set apart for the arrangement of yearly allowances and gifts to the Brahmins, and all the chief Brahmins were present, and the old shastree among them. Several were seated at the table with me assisting me, when suddenly I heard the clash of the express runner's bells coming up the street. I thought it might be some message from Linsagoor, or some new arrangement for the ranee's departure. The runner entered the palace court, and his packet was soon in my hands. It contained a few lines only, from the resident.

"The rajah of Shorapoor shot himself this morning dead, as he arrived at his first encampment. I will write particulars when I know them."

My countenance naturally changed; and the old shastree, who was beside me, and had been reading over Sanscrit deeds and grants to me, caught hold of my arm, and, peering into my face, cried, almost with a shriek, —

"He's dead! he's dead! I know it by your face — it tells me, sahib, he's dead!"

"Yes," I said, sorrowfully. "Yes, he is dead; he shot himself at the first stage out of Secunderabad, and died instantly."

"Ah!" said the old priest, as soon as he could speak; "he could not escape his fate, and the prophecy is fulfilled."

It was indeed a strange accomplishment of the prediction. In a few days more the rajah would have completed his twenty-fourth year; and now he had died by his own hand! I sent for the ranee's father, and bade him break the news gently to his daughter. I could not bear to see the poor girl's misery, and I should have to visit her; so he and an old friend of his departed to perform their sad task.

The day after, I heard by another express the particulars. The rajah had been told of the governor-general's commutation of his sentence, and was very deeply grateful for the mercy shown to him. He had promised earnestly to try and deserve the consideration which had been extended to him, and particularly pleased that he was to be allowed the society of his two ranees, speaking joyously of the prospect of meeting them at Kurnool.

He had travelled in a palankeen, with the officer commanding his escort near him, all the way to their camp.

When they arrived the officer took off his belt, in which was a loaded revolver, hung it over a chair, and went outside the tent. While washing his face a moment afterwards he heard a shot, and running back found the rajah lying on the ground, quite dead. The ball had entered his stomach and passed through the spine.

Was the act intentional? I think not. . . .

Whether accidental or intentional, the re-

sult was the same. The rajah was dead, and his kingdom was lost, ere he completed his twenty-fourth year; and the grim old prophecy deduced from the horoscope was literally fulfilled!

We may add to this strange story that Taylor's own horoscope, cast for him by another shastree at an early stage of his career, was fulfilled in all essential particulars.

The Raichore Doab, another of the ceded districts, was now put under Taylor's charge in addition to Shorapoor, making altogether about twenty thousand square miles of country, although it does not appear that the salary of the superintendent was sensibly augmented. The commissionership of all the ceded districts fell vacant about this time, and, if fitness constituted any claim, the post would have been given to Taylor, but it was too good a thing for an uncovenanted servant. "I had hoped," he said, "that the gracious proclamation issued on her Majesty's assumption of the government of India, which I had the pleasure of reading to the people of Shorapoor in Mahratta and Oordoo, would have done away with the invidious distinctions of covenanted and uncovenanted, but it was not so to be." An act of Parliament passed a short time afterwards would have rendered Taylor's appointment to any office of the kind legal, and indeed the appointment in question would apparently have been legal at any time, since previous acts of Parliament did not apply to the nizam's dominions; but class prejudices cannot be allayed even by acts of Parliament. The rule under which the first avenues to the public service in India can only be entered through certain doors is an eminently wise one. If the dispensers of Indian patronage could confer it on whom they pleased, enormous jobbery would infallibly result. But when a man like Taylor does happen under any circumstances to obtain admission to the public service, and amply justifies by conduct his existence in it, no possible objection can arise to his subsequent preferment according to his merits. In such a case the interests of the public service are more strongly concerned in utilizing a man of exceptional capacity and merit, than in maintaining a strict rule, from breaking which under such circumstances none of the evils it is designed to guard against can follow. That, if he had belonged to the regular Indian service, Taylor would have risen to the highest posts, is certain, for he exhibited almost every quality needed to deserve promotion; that being

what he was, he should never have been allowed to rise higher than a district officer, or to receive even the salary of a hum-drum collector, is hardly creditable to those concerned. In the sequel the state of Shorapoor was made over to the nizam's government in recognition of its loyalty, and Taylor, whose health had broken down under nearly forty years' hard work, was obliged at the same time to surrender charge of the Raichore Doab and take sick-leave home. His departure from Shorapoor was mourned by the people as a public calamity.

I cannot describe the scene; but its passionate character can be estimated from the purport of what is there recorded in the quaint, simple words of the people. Some of them had been strangers to me; many had grown up from children, and had now children of their own about their knees; others were old and greyheaded; and many whom I had known had gone to their rest. It was not an easy task to leave them all; but I had to go, and I do not think I am forgotten there even now. I intended to depart quietly in the night; but I found the chiefs of the Beydur clans assembled in the streets, and it was as difficult now to reach the north gate of the city as it had been to enter it two years before — only, instead of a clamor of joyous welcome, there was now sad wailing of women, while the men walked by me in utter silence. Now and then some one would exclaim, "We have no one now to care for us; but our women will sing of you as they grind corn in the morning, and will light their lamps in your name at night. Come back to us; oh, come back!"

It was very sad and very solemn, and can never be forgotten. At every village the people came about me, the mothers held their children for me to put my hands upon their heads and bless them; and it was all so simple, so earnest, and so heartfelt, one could not but feel its sincerity. People ask me what I found in the natives to like so much. Could I help loving them when they loved me so? Why should I not love them? I had never courted popularity. I had but tried to be just to all, and to secure to the meanest applicant consideration of his complaint, by allowing unrestricted communication with myself.

In all I had ruled over thirty-six thousand square miles of area, and a population of upwards of five millions of a most industrious and intelligent people, not only without a single complaint against my rule, but, as I think and hope, with a place in their affections and respect, gained by no other means than by exercising simple courtesy and justice to all.

His health not being restored in time to admit of returning to his appointment within the prescribed period — and here again it may be remarked that the leave-

rules for "uncovenanted" servants are far more stringent on this head than those for the civil and military services, assuming a much robust state of health, a more rapid recovery from sickness, and a less strong desire to revisit their native land — Taylor was obliged to resign his position under the Indian government, and henceforward devoted himself to literary work. At all times he had been a most industrious writer. For some years, as we have mentioned, he held the post of Indian correspondent to the *Times*, and he was a frequent contributor to the Indian newspapers, usually employing his pen to advocate some useful measure in education or administration. The success of his "Confessions of a Thug" some years before, we have already related; he now reverted to the same line, and brought out "Tara, a Mahratta Tale," an historical romance of the days of Sivaji, the celebrated founder of the Mahratta empire. This, which was very favorably received, was followed by "Ralph Darnell," to illustrate the rise of British power in Bengal, and "Seeta," the plot of which is laid in the time of the mutiny. His last work of fiction, "A Noble Queen," has been published in a complete form since his death. That these books were not even more successful must be attributed in part to the subject, which does not lend itself readily to the spirit of romance. With all their good qualities, the sentiment of chivalry does not among Indians govern the relations between the sexes; but that the novels are not more largely read must also be set down in great measure to that want of interest in all Indian matters, born of mental indolence, which is such a discreditable feature in the mental condition of the English middle classes, who, from the neglect of Indian history so conspicuous in their system of education and habits of thought, would seem to care no more about the country with which England is so intimately bound up than if they were French or Germans. It must, however, be acknowledged that the liberal spirit in which every parish and almost every household in this kingdom has subscribed to the relief of the natives of India during the present famine is a touching proof of the brotherhood and sympathy existing between the British and Asiatic subjects of the queen; and we trust this great calamity may have the effect of strengthening the ties which inseparably unite the different parts of the empire. A work which, to our thinking, is even more valuable than his romances — although these

afford a more accurate and vivid idea of Indian life and society than any other available sources of information — is Taylor's "Student's Manual of the History of India," the modest appearance of which hardly does justice to the great research and accuracy which it displays. Written by a man who is thoroughly conversant with the people of the country about which he is treating, it is throughout permeated by that kindly feeling towards them and appreciation of their good qualities which are too often wanting in the writings of Englishmen on India. If ever the study of Indian history should become a recognized part of English school and college work, Taylor's "Manual," as he modestly calls it, will be brought into the notice it deserves. And, as he truly observes, there can scarcely be a subject of greater importance to Englishmen than the history of the noble dependencies won by their ancestors.

In 1875 Meadows Taylor, being recommended to try the effect of a warmer climate again, returned to India on a visit, and spent some weeks at Hyderabad as the guest of Salar Jung, by whom his qualities were thoroughly appreciated. Health and sight both failing, he set out in the beginning of the next Indian hot season for England, but, gradually getting worse, died at Mentone in May 1876, at the age of sixty-eight.

Taylor's career, of which we have given a brief outline, as far as possible in his own words, was not, it will be seen, in one sense a highly important one. His position as an outsider debarred him from rising to a place in which to achieve great distinction, and the Companionship of the Star of India conferred on him in his old age, as we are told by the express wish of the queen, may probably be taken as a fair estimate of the actual place he occupied in the estimation of the Anglo-Indian community. Yet few men have done more to elevate the character of his countrymen in the eyes of the people of India, while we know no work which deserves to be more strongly recommended to the attention of those who are destined to take a future share in the administration of India than this simple narrative of the extraordinary influence a disinterested and kind-hearted man was able to exert over the people who came under his rule. It is true the opportunity for exerting such an influence is seldom afforded in these days. Taylor's administration of Shorapoor, and again of the Nuldroog district, represented the most complete type of patriarchal govern-

ment, which, whether for good or evil, is surely passing away, giving place to the codes and regulations which there is a constantly increasing tendency to substitute for individual action. But the need for the exercise of sympathy, kindness, and consideration for the people of India, is still as great as ever; and the advice with which Meadows Taylor concludes his most interesting autobiography may usefully be taken to heart by all Englishmen, of whatever class, whose business takes them to our possessions in the East.

One word, one last reflection in regard to India may not be out of place. It is to advise all who go there, in whatever capacity, or whatever position they may hold, — use true courtesy to natives of all degrees. My experience has taught me that large masses of men are more easily led than driven, and that courtesy and kindness and firmness will gain many a point which, under a hard and haughty bearing, would prove unattainable. By courtesy, I do not mean undue familiarity — far from it — self-respect must always be preserved; but there is a middle course, which, if rightly pursued in a gentlemanly fashion, not only exacts respect from natives of all classes, but gratitude and affection likewise.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

III.

THE CONTENTS OF THE PORTFOLIO.

WHEN Erica, almost running — for the wind blowing behind her swept her irresistibly along — reached the little house, she found old Christine waiting for her at the door. The young girl answered her reproaches with a smile, hastily threw aside her damp cloak and hood, and entered her mother's room. The invalid was still sitting in the same spot where her daughter had left her, and the joy that beamed in her eyes when she saw Erica revealed the anxiety she had felt far more than any words. After reporting the safe arrival of the fishermen who had been supposed to be in danger, and speaking of the shipwreck, which must have occurred close by, the young girl produced the portfolio she had found.

"So you have made use of the strand-right, Erica?" said her mother, smiling, as

she opened the portfolio and looked at the wet papers.

"The fishermen would have left them to be spoiled, but now we can see whether it is possible to discover the owner of these papers, and restore his property, if he is still alive."

"If he is still alive, poor man! At any rate we may be able to restore papers which are perhaps of importance to the relatives; you did perfectly right to take charge of the portfolio."

"Here is a letter in some language I don't understand," exclaimed Erica, who, kneeling beside her mother, was busily engaged in examining the papers.

"It seems like Danish or Swedish. Unfortunately I do not understand either language; but we can probably easily find an interpreter among the sailors in Wölin."

"It would be of very little use, mamma; for see, there is no address of any kind, and it is just the same with this, and this one too. How hateful if we should not be able to ascertain to whom the papers belong; I expected to give somebody so much pleasure by returning them."

"Let us look farther," said her mother thoughtfully, unfolding another sheet.

"A German letter, mamma!" cried Erica joyously, holding up a worn paper. "Now we shall get some information at last. Come, let us read it."

"Your letter of the 25th has been duly received, and we beg leave to inform you that the buttons and yarn ordered have been punctually forwarded according to agreement. The goods are unusually desirable, and you will therefore surely consent to pay the slight increase in price mentioned in the accompanying account. Hoping to receive farther orders, I am

"Very respectfully yours,

"JULIUS MEYER."

A gay laugh from Erica followed the conclusion of the letter. "That was certainly a great satisfaction, mamma, and moreover the name of the place where this Julius Meyer lives is also torn off, so we are just as wise as we were before."

"We know a little more, my child, the portfolio undoubtedly belonged to a merchant."

"It seems so, and yet it was so handsome that I thought it belonged to a prince. I imagined it would be so delightful if he should come to our house to get it."

"And thank you for having saved his interesting correspondence with a young princess, eh, Erica?"

"Why yes, mamma! Why not?" replied Erica, pouting; "at any rate it would be pleasanter than this button and yarn correspondence."

"Yet the latter would probably be just as interesting to the owner. But let us look farther."

Again came papers written in a foreign language, but at last they found a small packet fastened with a red string. The papers were so glued together by the moisture that it seemed difficult to separate them. The first wrapper was removed with considerable trouble, and a sealed envelope appeared. An address in the German language, in a firm, legible hand, contained the following somewhat singular words:—

"These are the papers I found in a secret drawer of my dead sister's desk. It is the only legacy my *Hoch und Wohlgeboren* nephew, who has never troubled himself about his uncle, will ever receive from me."

An involuntary pause followed the reading of this superscription; both were probably reflecting upon the mystery before which they stood. At last Erica broke the spell, and said, drawing a long breath,—

"That is very strange. The old gentleman doesn't seem to like his nephew. But what does *Hoch und Wohlgeboren* mean? I never heard it."

"It is the old-fashioned way in which barons were formerly addressed. The title here is ironically used."

"Then am I *Hoch und Wohlgeboren*, as well as this nephew, mamma?" laughed Erica, whose volatile temper had already conquered the grave impression the words had made upon her.

"Yes, Erica, but you must not set any value upon it, for the time for such courteous appellations has passed away. The advantage of birth is perhaps undervalued now, simply because in earlier days it was so greatly over-estimated."

"But ought we to break the seal and look at these papers?" asked Erica thoughtfully, as she turned the little packet over and over.

"We certainly ought *not*, if the papers would not be utterly destroyed if they were left pressed together in this way. Besides, it is possible, nay, probable, that we shall learn from them the owner of the portfolio. So open the package, but very carefully, or we shall do harm instead of good."

Erica, heeding her mother's warning, slowly broke the seal, and then laid the papers one after another on the table to

dry; nay she even restrained her impatience until the sheets had become firmer, then drew a little footstool to the invalid's side and began to read.

"You will not see me, you are angry with me, Agatha! How have I deserved this indignation, what have I done to offend you? If I was too eager, too impetuous in my homage, is not the unspeakable charm of your nature alone responsible? Can one enjoy the happiness of seeing you, and yet have power not to fall in adoration at your feet? And will you inflict such a terrible punishment upon me because I did not possess this strength? Do you not know that the measureless harshness of this punishment is harder than death?"

"Oh Agatha! remove the ban, I implore you, let me appear before you again. I cannot live without the sunlight of your presence, and you will not have the cruelty to expose me to the torture of a lingering death. One word from you, just one kind word, and I shall feel new life, and hasten, radiant with joy, to your feet, repeating what I have often said.

"Ever, ever your own

"RODERICH."

During the reading of these words, the invalid's face had become somewhat clouded. When Erica paused, she looked at her, and said with gentle raillery, —

"Well, how do you like this letter, my child? Does it appear more interesting than the yarn and button correspondence?"

"Of course, mamma," replied Erica frankly, "only I think it is written in rather a singular style. It consists almost entirely of questions, which is somewhat against the rule. Who can the lady have been to whom a letter was written in this way?"

"A ballet dancer, or perhaps an actress."

"Why so, mamma? Surely any other woman can inspire just as ardent an affection."

"Undoubtedly, but to any other lady this affection is not declared in such a manner. Read on, perhaps we shall solve the mystery."

Erica took the next sheet, and began again.

"You are cruel, Agatha! You refuse me all access to you, and yet you cannot prevent me from seeing you. Yesterday, when, radiant in beauty, you enchanted all Stockholm by your matchless acting —"

"Why yes, she is an actress!" Erica exclaimed in surprise. "How clever you are, mamma!"

"You were forced to allow me also to admire you, revel in your loveliness. With all your anger against me, you could not even prevent me from considering the tender words your sweet voice uttered to another, as addressed to me, and thus for a moment feeling unutterably happy. Unfortunately this happiness lasted only an instant, and I became so much the more miserable, when I found a letter from home, which required my immediate return there.

"Will you still have the cruelty to withdraw from me? Will you not permit me to press one farewell kiss upon your hand? Hundreds of miles will soon stretch between us, will you increase my misery by your anger? Can you, dare you be so cruel?"

"I shall await with a trembling heart the return of the servant who is to bring me your answer. Will it be my sentence of death, or unspeakable happiness? Agatha, you will, you cannot utterly reject

"Your own

"RODERICH."

"Herr Roderich seems to be very fond of asking questions," said Erica. "But I wonder whether Agatha allowed him to visit her again."

"Is there no date, no signature except Roderich?" asked her mother.

"None. If you will allow me, I'll go on with the reading at once. I am curious to see the end of the affair."

"Greatly as I know how to prize the joy of your presence, Agatha, gratitude alone must not procure it for me. I am ignorant what officious person, who must be totally wanting in delicacy of feeling, has told you of the slight efforts I have made in your behalf. I assure you that, becoming by accident intimately acquainted with the manager of the theatre in this place, I merely called his attention to your remarkable talent. On taking a journey to Malmö he saw you there, and of course made every exertion to secure such a pearl for the Stockholm stage. So this slight effort deserves no thanks, and if it alone is to again open to me the door of your drawing-room, I prefer not to enter it.

"Meantime I have also been told tales of you, Agatha, and in addition to the glittering nimbus which talent and beauty weave around your brow, I now behold the halo of heroic virtue resting on your

head. You are the sole support of your numerous family. Father, mother, and children are all dependent upon you, receive their sustenance and education from you alone. You have changed your name because a dark shadow rests upon your father's, a shadow, however, cast by misfortune, not guilt. The victim of a shameful intrigue, he was dismissed from the government service without a pension, and helpless and poverty-stricken sought his wife's native country to found a new home. But a severe illness — undoubtedly caused by the undeserved humiliation — made him incapable of doing so, and thus his oldest daughter, still almost a child, took up the battle of life for her father, and by her unwearied industry, kept poverty from her parents' threshold.

"Now for the first time I understand the sadness that is sometimes mirrored in your eyes. It was connected with your parents' fate, your own sorrowful past, and I, silly fool, attributed it to a former affection, and felt jealous and bitter. Now, for the first time, I understand the cause of the plainness of your drawing-room, a simplicity which you have often made the subject of your charming jests without permitting it to be altered. Yes, I now understand your whole heavenly nature, Agatha, am ashamed of the rudeness with which I often wounded your soul, and perceive that my banishment was just.

"Do not suppose I have indiscreetly inquired into your circumstances, and in this way obtained possession of your secret. A strange accident, I might almost call it a dispensation of Providence, placed the clue in my hand; and it has made me both happy and miserable. Happy on account of the heartfelt reverence I must offer you, miserable because of the idiotic folly of my previous conduct, most unpardonable in me, a widower, who am no longer a very young man. Let me atone for my offences; open the door of your drawing-room; no word, no look, shall wound you. Let me, before my departure, implore your forgiveness; I could not go away in peace while oppressed by the thought of your indignation.

"RODERICH."

Erica silently laid the sheet on the table, and her mother did not interrupt the pause that followed.

"That was quite a different letter, mamma!" the young girl began at last. "I like it much better, and I believe Herr Roderich did not ask a single question.

Agatha seems to be an excellent girl, don't you think so too, mamma?"

"I am ready to suppose so, Erica. And after this letter, I like the young man very well. Any one else would not have concealed his efforts — which were undoubtedly much greater than he represents — but made the utmost possible use of them."

"We will read on again to see how the affair ends," and Erica took the next sheet from the table.

"A farewell, Agatha, perhaps an eternal one! And yet I could not do otherwise, could not leave unpunished the insolent man who sought to sully your pure name. Because you belong to a profession in whose thorny path many a poor creature is stranded, people imagine they have the right to insult you; suppose the innocent purity of your features a mere mask of virtue, which they can mock as a false halo of sanctity. I would not endure it, Agatha, for surely it is the duty of every man to protect innocence and virtue.

"If I fall in this duel, do not grudge my memory a place in your heart, and believe that I am not wholly unworthy, though I have not always done what I ought. Farewell, Agatha! May God ever bless and protect you.

"RODERICH."

"I suppose Roderich did not fall in this duel?" asked Erica somewhat hastily, gazing anxiously into her mother's face.

"I think not, my child," replied the latter smiling, "for all the letters appear to be written in the same hand."

"Let us read on, mamma," said the young girl with a sigh of relief, seizing the next sheet.

"You love me, Agatha, you love me! I am in a tumult of happiness. I bless my wounds, I bless the suffering which has given me the blissful certainty of your affection. Hitherto, when I sought to intoxicate myself with the hope that I was not indifferent to you, when it seemed as if your eye sought me, and my presence brought a deeper color to your cheek, doubt soon entered my heart and destroyed all my bliss with its icy breath. But now I have the happiest certainty, have it without your confession. The eyes that grew dim with tears when you bent over me, the loving hand that bandaged my wounds, held the cup to my longing lips, and softly smoothed my pillows that my feverish head might rest more quietly, give me

this assurance. In my unconsciousness, I could only instinctively feel the pain-destroying magic of this presence, but now I have the joyful certainty that you were the merciful angel who stood beside my couch and assuaged my sufferings.

"True, since I have been able to recognize those who surrounded me, the angel again has vanished, but I will entreat her to return, implore her to bless my life as she has alleviated the tortures of my sick bed. I will take no denial, Agatha! I am sure of your love, and what reason could there be to prevent you from becoming my wife? I am rich, and we will together provide for your family. You need not even entirely resign your art, although you will no longer delight the general public.

"We will choose for our residence the castle of whose beautiful surroundings I have often told you, and there have a large, well-arranged stage at our disposal. The whole neighborhood will flock to admire the beautiful mistress of the castle in the exercise of her skill as an accomplished actress, and no insolent fellow will venture to sully your stainless name. Thus you will be able to enjoy your art, without suffering from the dark side of the profession.

"Oh, Agatha, how wondrously beautiful is the existence of which I dream! You, the high priestess of art, as my guardian angel, my beloved, my wife; I elevated and supported by you, and in return protecting you from the thorns of life, smoothing your path. Dream of this heavenly future with me, Agatha, and by a speedy answer make happy

"Your own

"RODERICH."

"There is joy even in your refusal, Agatha, for the lines express naught but anxiety for the man you love, a total disregard of your own happiness. Sweet, dearest girl, do you suppose I am a young, immature man, who is still dependent upon his parents' will? Unfortunately I lost my father at a very early age, and even when a boy was the head of the family. My mother and aunts, who educated me, as well as my sisters, thought everything I did exactly right, and my first wife unhappily allowed herself to be infected by this idolatry. I was on the point of being worn out by this constant adoration, when my wife died, and the void thus made in my life cured me by the pain it inflicted.

"Even if my relatives should at first be

a little dissatisfied with my marriage, for the hand of a princess would scarcely be considered good enough for that paragon of perfection called Roderich, they will soon become reconciled to it. Even my brothers-in-law, though they do not perceive in me quite the ideal I seem to their wives, cordially like me, and know that the woman to whom Roderich gives his hand will be worthy of the position, whatever station in life she may previously have occupied. So have no anxiety, dearest, they will receive you with open arms, and soon behold in you the ornament of their circle.

"I shall wait for no answer to these lines, but come for it myself, and my presence will scatter all doubts, dispel the last clouds from your brow. Expect me immediately.

"Your own

"RODERICH."

"Have no anxiety, my sweet girl, I will not leave Sweden without you. My business in Germany must take care of itself a while longer, for I have sworn not to see the green waves of the Rhine again until I have my dear wife by my side. But we must hasten the preparations for our wedding, and as you wish to be married in Malmö, I have already written to the pastor there.

"Our thoughts are entirely in sympathy, for I too wished to celebrate our nuptials when I saw you for the first time. That moment is as visibly present as if it had been only yesterday. The sound of music had attracted me to the little church, and when I entered it, the peace that pervaded the sanctuary impressed me so strongly, that I mingled with the crowd and attended the service. The simple sermon in its plain, direct language, went to my heart. The pastor had just uttered his amen, when my eyes chanced to wander towards the window, before which the leaves of the trees were casting their changeable shadows, and there saw a figure which instantly claimed all my thoughts. It was you, Agatha, and your pure, angelic beauty so completely bewitched me, that I had neither reverence nor attention for the conclusion of the service. When the congregation dispersed, I followed you, saw you enter a house, and asked an old man who had just left it to tell me your name.

"I was strangely surprised when I heard that this angelic face belonged to an actress, for I had discovered both devoutness and sorrow in the expression of the

features, and, fool that I was, believed those of an actress could only wear the guise of thoughtless happiness and gayety. Perhaps this very contrast doubly attracted me, and yet I was base enough to forget the angelic face in the church, and remember only the actress. You, my sweet Agatha, have long since pardoned the crime, although I cannot yet entirely forgive myself, but am ever longing to make some new atonement.

"Perhaps it is a part of this atonement that the triumphs won every evening by the petted actress, now about to take a farewell of the stage, fill me with the keenest jealousy. I most ardently long for the time when this farewell will have been uttered, and my adoration alone can be offered you. If my darling were not so excessively conscientious, I would have taken her from Stockholm and her contract, and thus spared myself these tortures.

"Hoping to see you very soon, I am

"Your own

"RODERICH."

"Only a few days more, my darling, and we shall be united forever. I have just received a letter from Herr Dahlström, the pastor, who has consented to join our hands at the altar of that little church, and then nothing will be wanting to our happiness.

"I shall see you in a few hours, it is true, but I would not delay informing you of the good news. Farewell till then, my beloved, and during these long hours think a little of

"Your

"RODERICH."

"What a pity, mamma! I am taking the last sheet, we shall not learn what we wish," said Erica regretfully, as she raised a somewhat larger letter.

"I too fear that we shall not discover the name of the person who wrote these lines, but go on, my child."

"To-day, for the first time, I can give you news of myself, dear heart, and tell you I shall soon be with you again. I have been here since yesterday, to make the necessary preparations; order everything to be arranged for the reception of the guests, for I shall bring the whole crowd with me. There will probably be plenty of rooms and beds, and if not, the steward must come to our assistance, and we will break his wife's heart by claiming her best rooms. I hope it will be a brilliant entertainment, for I have succeeded

in getting a quantity of things we had made up our minds to do without. I have even found an excellent manufacturer of fireworks, and we will have a brilliant display in the evening. But of course Iphigenie still remains the principal attraction, though fat old Count Steinbach —"

"What did you say, what was the name?" the invalid hastily interrupted.

"'Fat old Count Steinbach,' mamma!" replied Erica laughing.

"Go on, my child, there may be several Count Steinbachs," murmured the old lady, leaning back in her chair again.

"Who knows, mamma! Perhaps this is an acquaintance of yours, perhaps the fat old count will give us the clue," eagerly exclaimed the daughter.

"Well, read on, Erica, perhaps the mystery will be unravelled."

"Iphigenie will remain the principal attraction, although fat old Count Steinbach plays Theas. The excellent old gentleman would have taken Orestes, if we had asked him to do so. However, I hope Iphigenie will not cherish too warm a sisterly affection for her Orestes, even sisterly affection rouses my jealousy, if it seems too strong.

"Besides, Eichfeld —"

"'Eichfeld?'" interrupted the old lady again. "I really believe I shall find myself among acquaintances, for I have often heard that name also."

"How fortunate, mamma, if we should really find out to whom the letters belong. Let us read on as fast as possible."

"Besides Eichfeld has already sacrificed his beard to Orestes, or rather Iphigenie, and looks ten years younger. Under the seal of the most profound secrecy, he confided to me that Arabella Kroneck —"

"Isn't that your maiden name, mamma?" the reader hastily interrupted herself, looking inquiringly into her mother's face.

"Yes, my child, but there may be many others of that name," replied the invalid with visible embarrassment.

"That Arabella Kroneck is the object of his love. Perhaps I owe the confidence of this usually reserved man only to my jealousy. Arabella is said to be a great beauty and very bewitching, but I have never seen her. I wish 'Eichfeld' success with all my heart, for it would be pleasant to have such an agreeable couple near us. The old baron, however, is said to set a very high value upon his jewel, and I

scarcely think Eichfeld's property will suit him.

"You see, my darling, I show great interest in the love affairs of your Orestes, but in so doing will not forget practical things, and beg you, if Mumm has not yet sent the Johannisberg and Rudesheim, to write to him at once. Also remind Daniel of the colored lanterns for the park, the illumination must extend to the last terrace, and Swan Island be particularly brilliant. The reflection of the light on the water will have a magical effect on the wonderful little lake, and I shall probably have the fireworks there. But Daniel must see that new lanterns can always be supplied, for the park must be illuminated every evening while the guests remain in the castle—which will undoubtedly be four or five days.

"I must close, for I have my hands full of business. Kiss the little bawler for me, and remember

"Your own
"RODERICH."

"Unfortunately that is the end of the letter, mamma," said Erica, "and we have really discovered nothing."

The old lady, who since the reading of the last letter had seemed to be struggling with some violent emotion, passed her hand over her brow, as if she wished to dispel unwelcome thoughts, and then said slowly:

"I should think we knew enough, my child. Agatha and Roderich are happily married, and she must have been received as an equal, for they seem to exercise the most magnificent hospitality at their castle. Probably afterwards they were never so situated as to find it necessary to exchange letters."

"And Eichfeld, mamma? You are certainly the lady who was a 'great beauty and very bewitching,'" said Erica mischievously, laying her head caressingly on her mother's shoulder.

"Is not the name of the place from which he writes given in any of the letters?" asked the old lady, without entering into her daughter's jest. "Look carefully, Erica."

Erica took the sheets in her hand again, and examined them as she was requested. "Here is 'Stockholm, April 6th,' but the year is not mentioned. And here again, 'Stockholm, May 20th.' Here there is nothing at all; here again no date. Herr Roderich was decidedly negligent, mamma. Ah! this last letter has the name—'Coblenz, June 27th.'"

"I thought he must live on the banks of the Rhine, or at least in the immedi-

ate vicinity," said her mother, thoughtfully. "How often I have attended such entertainments at the castles of the gay, pleasure-loving nobility! This last letter really made me think of home. But in spite of this, I know of no clue which could guide us in discovering the writer of these letters. Even if this Eichfeld were the one I once knew, he could give us no information, for he died young, and has been resting in his grave many years."

"And fat Count Steinbach, mamma?"

"He died long, long ago, died when I was a betrothed bride, and, as he was unmarried, left his property to my cousin Vally."

"Suppose we should write to her, mamma?"

A deep shadow flitted over the countenance of the elder lady. "I am now somewhat unaccustomed to communicate with my family," she said, after a long pause; "besides, Vally was educated in our house, and knew no more about her uncle Steinbach than I, so any inquiry would be useless. Moreover, the contents of the letters scarcely require such an exertion on our part. We know that their owner is dead, and her children could hardly have considered these papers of any special importance, or they would not have parted with them so carelessly."

The old lady spoke hastily, and with a certain sharpness of tone which was very unusual to her. Erica cast a hurried, questioning glance at her mother's agitated features, and a suspicion dawned upon her that these letters had aroused feelings which she wished to conceal, even from her daughter. With delicate tact, she therefore refrained from any farther questions, carefully folded up the papers, which had now become perfectly dry, and gave them to her mother, who silently placed them in one of the drawers of her writing-table.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

A GLIMPSE OF ADRIANOPLE.

FROM a very interesting letter from Adrianople we take the following passages:—

"Adrinople (it is the local fashion to leave out the *a*) is in a very different condition to what it was a year or two years ago. Trade, indeed, is slack and commerce at a standstill; but the whole place, even to the back streets, is alive and thronged, and the crowds everywhere testify to activity. The road to the railway

station is always busy; but it is as often the passage of files of bullock-wagons for the wounded as aught else, diversified now and then by the stopping of troops going up to the front. Visits to the station are always full of interest. Frequently special trains arrive in the middle of the night full of wounded; these are taken out, laid in wooden sheds erected for the purpose, where English surgeons dress wounds as quickly as possible all through, sometimes eight or ten hours' work; then, clean and fed, the injured men remount the train and go on to Constantinople. The thing to see is when, as has several times occurred, a train of wounded going down meets a train of soldiers going up. No one could say, after that, that the Turks do not know how to cheer. Up jumps every man that can rise on his legs, every arm that can move is waved, and every throat that can utter a sound joins in the cheer with a yell of welcome, and perhaps of envy of those who are going to fight. With less noise, but with eager eyes and cheerful faces, the new-comers return the salute—not a laggard among them. They are not neatly dressed; they would not do for Aldershot; they are often somewhat dirty; they are of all sizes, and they do not look exquisitely disciplined; but their eagerness and their gladness make up for a great deal, and their patient endurance is beyond all praise.

"Next to the war movements, the relief is naturally the first interest here. All that has been done by Mr. Blunt is admirably done; he has followed the plan of collecting the women and children (there was scarcely a man among the fugitives) into decent but poor houses, insisting upon cleanliness, and giving to each woman one or two or three piastres, according to the number of the children; thus occupying the mothers in buying and contriving, instead of leaving them to croon idly over their sorrows. These women will contrive to feed and fatten out of the pittance given, and even, perhaps, to put by an odd piastre or two for better times. The two Catholic convents of the Missionnaires Apostoliques are all giving wise and simple relief in much the same way. Each has a house full of Moslem women and children, and another of Bulgarians. Mme. Camara's little hospital of Moslem women and children actually wounded in the war is quite a touching sight; and one cannot admire enough the unselfish devotion of the one lady who did not leave the city in panic, but remained to help with her own hands

the poor things who were worse off than any one else at the moment. As wounds heal the hospital will gradually turn into a refuge. Near the railway station there is another small hospital for wounded Bulgarian women and children, attended partly by one of the English surgeons; but of them nearly all now are dead."

From Nature.

ON THE COMING WINTER.

HAVING recently computed the remaining observations of our earth-thermometers here, and prepared a new projection of all the observations from their beginning in 1837 to their calamitous close last year, results generally confirmatory of those arrived at in 1870 have been obtained, but with more pointed and immediate bearing on the weather now before us.

The chief features undoubtedly deducible for the past thirty-nine years, after eliminating the more seasonal effects of ordinary summer and winter, are:—

1. Between 1837 and 1876 three great heat-waves, from without, struck this part of the earth; viz., the first in 1846·5, the second in 1858·0, and the third in 1868·7. And unless some very complete alteration in the weather is to take place, the next such visitation may be looked for in 1879·5, within limits of half a year each way.

2. The next feature in magnitude and certainty is, that the periods of minimum temperature, or cold, are not either in, or anywhere near, the middle time between the crests of those three chronologically identified heat-waves, but are comparatively close up to them *on either side*, at a distance of about a year and a half, so that the next such cold wave is due at the end of the present year.

This is, perhaps, not an agreeable prospect, especially if political agitators are at this time moving amongst the colliers, striving to persuade them to decrease the out-put of coal at every pit's-mouth. Being, therefore, quite willing, for the general good, to suppose myself mistaken, I beg to send you a first impression of plate 17 of the forthcoming volume of observations of this Royal Observatory, and shall be very happy if you can bring out, from the measures recorded there, any more comfortable view for the public at large.

PIAZZI SMYTH,

Astronomer-Royal for Scotland.

Royal Observatory, Edinburgh, September 27.